McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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State Library July 09

WORK ON THE PAVEMENT HAS BEEN STARTED.

Ground Broken Yesterday Morning in Grand Central Block.

PAVEMENT WILL BE 40 FEET WIDE

In Business Section—Property Owners Have Done the Wise Thing—Paving Will be Rushed From Now Until It is Finished.

Ground was broken yesterday morning for paving Main street. The first earth turned was in front of the Grand Central block and quite a large crowd was out to see the start. A gang of workmen are also excavating and grading in front of the Imperial Hotel and from now on the work will be rushed to completion.

At a meeting of the borough council held at the hose house Tuesday evening a resolution was passed to make the pavement in front of the court house thirty-four feet wide, instead of twenty-five feet as originally adopted. Another resolution was adopted by this body giving abutting property owners permission to have the pavement widened three feet on each side at their own expense, providing that the whole job shall not be made for less than an entire block.

The property owners in the business section have taken advantage of this offer and practically all have come in under this resolution. The pavement is certain to be forty feet wide from Church to Franklin street and it probably will continue on to Union street. However the three foot extension will be made on the south side of the street to the corner of Mechanic street, making the pavement at least thirty seven feet wide from Franklin to Mechanic street. If those on the north side of these blocks, which include St. Elizabeth's church, Dr. Brown's residence and those of Pickersgill's bakery, Mrs. Hilton Ring's residence and Charles McKean's residence, do not come in on the widening they will except their lawns down to the curb, which will make an exceedingly beautiful street.

Everybody seems well pleased with the paving proposition now that it is started. Even those who were opposed to it are now just as enthusiastic about it as those who worked the hardest for paving. Smethport can congratulate herself on her bright prospects and is also fortunate in not having any soreheads or obstructionists.

Death of Fred R. Wendell.

Fred Ray Wendell died at the home of his parents on Water street, this borough, at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon, July 25, 1908, aged 22 years and eleven months. The cause of his death was typhoid fever, which he contracted while working at Folsom, W. Va.

On May 14 he went to Folsom and on July 1st he was taken ill. After receiving medical treatment there for several days his physician advised him to go to Wheeling to the hospital. When he reached Wheeling he decided to come on to Pittsburg and when he reached the latter place he concluded he would be better off to come on home, reaching here July 8th. Upon reaching home he was in such a weakened condition and the fever had such a start that his excellent constitution could not withstand its ravages and he finally succumbed.

Fred Wendell was born in Norwich township, where he spent his childhood. At the age of fourteen he moved with his parents to this borough where he has since resided, with the exception of the summer of 1906 which he spent in Folsom.

He was a young man of excellent habits and a kind, loving and genial disposition which won him many friends among all who knew him. He was industrious and a willing worker and a young man who had bright prospects for the future.

He is survived by his parents, two sisters, Gertrude and Mamie, and two brothers, Cordy and Leo, who deeply mourn the loss of an affectionate and obedient son and brother.

The funeral services were held at the Methodist Episcopal church on Monday at 2:30 p. m., Rev. W. A. Harris, officiating, and the Smethport Hose Co., of which he was an honored member, attending in uniform. His remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery. The many floral tributes in a weak way showed the high esteem in which he was held in this place.

The out of town relatives who attended the funeral were: Mrs. M. S. Dotterweich, Olean; Mrs. John McConeghy and son Paul, Coudersport; Mrs. John Wendell, Batavia, N. Y., and Miss Josie Ray, Colegrove.

Hogarth's Frozen Dessert, a delicious and satisfying finish to the Sunday or company dinner, will save the housewife much work and worry this hot weather. Try it. 50 cts. a quart. 2t

A STRANGE STORY

Told by a Fifteen-Year-Old Eldred Girl.

The Gospel Workers who are still holding a camp meeting in the park at Eldred, are responsible for a great deal of excitement in that usually quiet town. Ever since some of the preachers at this camp meeting created such a sensation by their tirades on Catholicism, much feeling has existed and many stories have been told which were intended to create sympathy for one side or the other. The following story from the Eagle is perhaps the strangest yet given to the public:

A romantic story surrounded the actions of Ethel Wray, a 15-year-old girl who lives with her parents at Duffytown. Last Friday, at about noon, according to her story, she was accosted by an Italian, a short distance south of Dougherty's store, and asked if she was a Catholic. When she said "no" he told her to go up to the park and tell the Gospel Workers that they had better get out as a plan had been arranged to dynamite and shoot them. The girl went up and told them and created considerable excitement, but got away without being recognized. During the evening serving the girl again entered the grounds, but this time she was in a state of physical exhaustion and on being taken charge of by Chief Ives, she related the following story: "At about half past eight that evening while in the yard at her home, she was suddenly seized from behind and, with a hand placed over her mouth to prevent any outcry, was carried in strong arms for some distance down the river bank and thrown in. She alighted in the water to a depth up to her waist and striking bottom with her feet, started to scramble out. At this point she says the man, whom she recognized as a Father George under whom she had taken catechism at Pra Ford last winter, and the Italian, whom she said she heard addressed as Vic, were about to push her back, when the slamming of a door in a house nearby frightened them and they ran away. She scrambled out of the water, the river being very low, and ran along the river bank in an opposite direction. At Chrisman's mill she came into the main road and hurried to the camp at the park. Such a story told by the girl in her condition, aroused great indignation, and she was brought down town to Laugdon's store and upon examination her clothes were found to be soaking wet. A rig was procured and she was taken home to change her clothes, while a search was made along the river bank. Nothing was found and the girl was brought back to town and remained at the home of J. S. Brown all night. The next morning Chief Ives, the writer and other witnesses accompanied her to the scene of the alleged assault and followed carefully over all the ground where she relates the affair happened, but at no place could any indication be found of anyone having been near the river, or any traces or tracks of the girl getting out of the river or going along the bank as she alleges, and the banks were soft and slippery and would have plainly shown some marks had all that she claims taken place. In talking with the girl's parents, they stated that they did not believe her story at all, and added that on two other occasions she had run away from home and then told exaggerated stories. Chief Ives later telephoned the Bradford chief of police to learn if there had ever been a Father George there and received the reply that no such priest was or ever had been there. If the young lady conceived all this and executed it, to create a sensation, she certainly has a mind that should be developed as there apparently slumbers therein the ability of a Jules Verne, etc., etc., for in spite of the lack of proof, she told her story unerringly and was not in the least shaken by the cross questioning, though there is not a shred of evidence to support her story except her nervous and soaked condition when she came to the park.

Fight at the Theatorium.

On Thursday evening (to-night only) the great wrestling match in which Gotch captured the championship from Hackenschmidt and the Berus-Moir glove fight will be the attraction at the Theatorium. Three performances, 7:15 8:15 and 9:15. Admission 15 cents.

In speaking of this attraction, the Bradford Era says: "Ladies rarely ever have an opportunity to see a wrestling match or glove contest and on that account they have been largely in evidence at the Star Continuous Show afternoons and evenings this week. The pictures of the championship contests have attracted immense audiences from the start. It is a great show.

The Lock Haven State Normal School closed the most successful school year in its history last June. Its student body represented three-fourths of the counties of Penn. and a number of foreign states. The prestige of this well known school draws to it a large body of superior young men and women. It is a thorough home school and appeals to parents who are seeking the best influences for their children. Its illustrated catalogue is now ready for distribution and will be sent upon application to the Principal.

THOUGHTS ON BUSINESS

BY

WALDO PONDRAY WARREN

THE LEVER PRINCIPLE

YOUR ability to move things depends largely on where you take hold. I shall never forget the first time I saw the great Ferris wheel—that wonder of two world's fairs. What impressed me most was not its magnitude, but the fact that in spite of its gigantic size, it required only a comparatively small engine to run it. For, unlike most wheels, the power was not applied at the center, but at the circumference, thus utilizing the extraordinary leverage of one hundred and eighty feet. The same force, if exerted at the axle, would have been powerless to move the wheel a single inch.

The lever principle is not confined to mechanical things—it is one of the great fundamental ideas which humanity has snatched from the vastness.

When the progress of your campaign is beset with obstacles, whether ignorance, prejudice, injustice, or delay, remember the lever principle. Somewhere there is a move that you can make that will set in motion a chain of events that will eventually move even the greatest obstacle. Don't strain at the hub of the ponderous wheel—move a cog that fits into the rim.

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Resolutions of Condolence.

In the natural course of events the ranks of organizations are frequently invaded by grim death, and the members of the Smethport Hose Company, being desirous of extending their sympathy in the deaths of Brothers Fred Purtle and Fred Wendell, appointed the undersigned committee to draft resolutions.

Resolved: That in the death of Fred Purtle, the Smethport Hose Company has suffered a loss which mere words cannot express. In his death the Smethport Hose Company has lost a true and faithful member whose excellent assistance in the work of our organization was well known to every member. During Mr. Purtle's membership in our Company he was always an enthusiastic worker in everything pertaining to the welfare of the Smethport Fire Department. He always performed his duty as a fireman and member in a most commendable manner. His genial personality in the social end of the organization will be sadly missed by the younger members, as by his excellent character, sunny disposition and good-natured smile, he could not help making all those who were fortunate enough to come in contact with him, his warm personal friends. He was a man, who would make any sacrifice within his power and share his last cent to aid a friend as has been demonstrated time and again. His death is mourned by all the members of the Company, as well as by all who knew him, and his friends were scattered far and wide. It is indeed hard to realize that his handsome face, pleasant smile and cheery words will be with us no more, and his industrious and already successful career, blotted out in such a manner, is indeed to be lamented. To the bereaved family the Smethport Hose Company—and it is safe to say the entire community—extend their heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved: That in the demise of Fred Wendell, the Smethport Hose Company loses an excellent member whose place will, indeed, be hard to fill. Fred Wendell was a member whose company was much sought after, owing to his priceless faculty of making and keeping true friends. In the course of his membership in this organization he won the admiration of his fellow members in the faithful discharge of his duties. The social events and entertainments of the Company were never complete without his magnetic personality. Fred Wendell was a young man whose life was filled with industry, integrity and ambition, and possessed of these sterling qualities he could not have helped making for himself a name. Previous to his demise he held a responsible position and stood fine chances for rapid promotion. He was ever ready and willing to lend his assistance to a needy member, and in this alone his absence will be sorely missed. Fred Wendell was a man possessing a remarkable physique as was demonstrated by his long and strong fight for life during the illness to which he finally succumbed. It is sad to contemplate a young man stricken down at the beginning of what promised to be a highly useful life. In his death the community at large has also lost an excellent citizen. To his bereaved relatives the Smethport Hose Company offers its heartfelt condolence.

Resolved: That the above resolution be spread upon the minutes of the Smethport Hose Company, that a copy be furnished the family of the deceased, and be published in the local papers.

WEBB HOPPER,
RUSSELL LINDSLEY,
JOHN W. WAITE.

Edinboro Normal is the school in which to learn how to teach school. Fall term begins Sept. 8, 1908. John P. Bigler, Prin.

Warren County Murder.

Jacob Offerlee of Farmington township, Warren county, was shot and killed shortly after noon on Friday last by T. F. Divilbiss, a neighbor. Offerlee rented his farm from Divilbiss, and had come to the latter's home to complain because certain repairs had not been made on the house. The two men soon became involved in a heated argument, and suddenly Divilbiss ran back into the house and got his shot gun, which was loaded with buckshot. Returning outside, he leveled it preliminary at Offerlee and fired before the latter could move. Offerlee was aged about 50 years and leaves a wife and three children. His murderer is aged about 55 and is a bachlor.

Divilbiss attempted to escape by holding the neighbors at bay with the shot gun and breaking away. However he was captured later and lodged in jail. At the preliminary hearing he was held without bail for a further hearing on Friday.

It is said that Divilbiss has a bad record, and is known during the past 20 years as a man of violent temper who has several times threatened to shoot people with whom he had quarrels. For the past three years he has been a resident of Warren county and lived for a time at Glade Run. Prior to that time he resided in Franklin and vicinity. While residing there he lived with a negro woman and she entered suit for breach of promise but the case never came to trial.

McKean County Fair and Races.

It would be well for the people of this county to remember that the Fourth Annual McKean County Fair and Races is less than eight weeks away, and that it is high time that you were making preparations to bring one or more exhibits to this fair. The premium list is being printed at this office and will be ready for distribution in about two weeks, but you need not wait for it, because the premiums are just as liberal as they were last year and there is a premium on nearly everything you can possibly think of.

This year it is the duty of every man, woman and child to lend all the assistance possible toward making the McKean County Fair and Races a great success. Last year we had one of the best county fairs ever held in this great state and had the weather been favorable record breaking crowds would have made it as much of a success as it was otherwise, but the heavy rain and threatening clouds kept many people at home and the stockholders lost heavily.

The stockholders are all public spirited men and do not expect to reap large dividends from their investment but they cannot afford to put in more money every year to keep it going. The first two years showed a slight profit but as the association was not started with sufficient capital it took all these profits to pay for buildings and improvements, and therefore it is now in a position where the people must give a big boost or it will fall.

The Lock Haven State Normal School is ideally located among the mountains of Penn. in a healthful and progressive community. It is easily accessible and therefore draws students from every section of Penn. Its beautiful buildings, fine gymnasium and splendid faculty make it particularly attractive. Its enrollment last year was greatly in excess of former years. A handsome catalogue will be sent on application to the Principal.

For Sale.

A quantity of sidewalk lumber. For particulars inquire of

JAMES QUIRK.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

OLD CIVIL WAR NEWS.

Items that Were and Are of Interest to Many of Our Readers.

Near Petersburg, Va., July 7, 1864.
Dear MINER:—Thinking that some of my old comrades would perhaps like to hear how we are getting along since they left us to seek their peaceful firesides, I will try and write a few lines, which you may publish if you think them worthy of publication. It will, no doubt, be of some interest to the old members of the 1st Pa. Rifles to know who the officers of the new regiment are. Our regiment is composed of the remnants of the Bucktails, 1st, 7th, 9th, 11th and 12th Infantry, is by order of Gen. Meade, known as the 1st Regiment Penn. Reserve Veteran Volunteers, and by direction of the Governor of Pennsylvania called the 190th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. The corps of officers is composed of the following named: W. R. Hartshorn, Colonel (formerly major 1st Rifles); Joseph B. Puttes, Lieut. Col. (formerly Capt. 10th Regiment and in charge of Division Pioneer Corps); John A. Wolfe, Major (formerly Capt. F Co., 1st Rifles); Ernest Wright, Adjutant (formerly 1st Lieut. F Co., 1st Rifles); Lucius Trumm, Quartermaster, retained his old position, Jonathan J. Cornforth, Surgeon, retained his old position; Richard M. Birkley, Capt A Co. (formerly Lieut. of the 11th Regt.); John M. Steele, 1st Lieut. A Co. (formerly 1st Sergt. A Co.); Thos. M. Fisher son of Col. Fisher, 1st Lieut. B. Co. (formerly Corp't 20 Regt.); Edward Greenfield, 2d Lieut. B Co. (formerly private H Co., 1st Rifles); Noori B. Kinsey, Capt. C Co., retained his position; Moses W. Lingore, 1st Lieut. C Co. (formerly 2d Lieut. C Co.); Benjamin F. Wright, 2d Lieut. C Co. (formerly Sergt. of the same company); William H. Duddy, 2d Lieut. D Co. (formerly Color Sergeant of the 1st Rifles); Robert J. Christenot, 1st Lieut. E Co. (formerly 1st Sergeant same company); William R. Peacock, 2d Lieut. E Co. (formerly Sergeant of the 13th regiment); James B. Thompson, 1st Lieut. F Co. (formerly 1st Sergeant G Co.); Daniel Blatt, 2d Lieut. F Co.; retained his old position; James McCoy, 1st Lieut. G Co. (formerly Sergeant of the same company); J. Elliott Mercer, Capt. H Co. (formerly 2d Lieut. K Co.); James Dixon West, 1st Lieut. H Co. (formerly Sergeant same company); John H. Norris, 2d Lieut. H Co. (formerly Sergt. K Co.); R. F. Ward, Capt. I Co. (formerly 1st Lieut. of the same company); Wm. E. Murray, 1st Lieut. I Co. (formerly private 1st regiment); Francis McCollough, 2d Lieut. I Co. (formerly Sergt. F Co.); John S. Sutor, Capt. K Co. (formerly Lieut. of the 11th regiment); Thomas J. Thompson, 1st Lieut. K Co. (formerly 1st Sergeant same company); John W. Unsell, 2d Lieut. K Co. (formerly private in the same company).

Since the organization of the regiment (June 1st, 1864,) we have lost 57 in killed and wounded. Among the killed are Lieut. Greenfield, Lieut. Christenot, Private Edward Hayner, B company, and among the wounded Capt. Ward, Capt. Sutor, Privates Wm. Doty and Lewis Parker, C company; Wesley Bridge and E. W. Howard of I company; Corporal Brookius and Private Stevens of G company, and Philip Beer of F company, of the old regiment; the rest were former members of the other regiments, among the number I regret to say is our brave and noble Lieut. Col. Pattes. I am sorry to say that Lieut. Blett of F Co., who was severely wounded on the 8th day of May (being struck in five different places) and had a leg amputated, died a few days ago in the hospital in Georgetown, D. C. We mourn in him the loss of one of the bravest and most noble soldiers, and every man regrets his loss deeply. At present we lay about two and a half miles from Petersburg, occupying a line of rifle pits. Our pickets occupy little pits and are in some places not more than 50 yards from the rebel pickets, and when we first took up our present position nobody dared to show his head for fear of being shot at. This war is rather disagreeable to both parties, I believe, and the men themselves finally made an armistice and have kept it now for two weeks. It is rather amusing at times to listen to the conversation between the two parties, and I will give you a few incidents of which I was a witness. The night the armistice was brought about, a rebel called over to one of our boys: "Say, Yank, what the devil are you shooting over this way for?" "Well," replied the Yankee, "we have to answer your fire." Then says the Johnny, "weuns will stop shooting if you uns will," and the firing at once ceased and the pickets on both sides left their little pits, glad to stretch their weary limbs. I heard one of our boys ask, "Well, Johnny, do you draw any soft bread now a days?" "I say soft bread to you," was the surly reply. "Well," retorted the Yankee, "Old Grant gives us soft bread," throwing up a loaf of bread, "look here." "By —," exclaimed the Johnny, "look there Jimmy, they have soft bread over there." The next morning after the armistice had been agreed upon, the pickets came out of their pits, traded coffee and sugar for tobacco, bartered knives, rings, gold pens, and exchanged papers. Two Yankees and two Johnnies sat down under a tree and played a game of euchre to see whether the Yankee or Confederate army should be victorious. They were surrounded by about a dozen bystanders of both sides; the Yankees won the game.

The weather is very warm, too much so for comfort. We have not had any rain for over a month, and the roads are covered with from eight to ten inches of dust. The water is middling good and is obtained by digging wells. Provisions are plenty and our army never did fare better than it does now. Everything goes on favorable and are long I hope to be able to tell you that the Yankees occupy Petersburg and Richmond. Three cheers for Meade and Grant, hip hip hip! —Yours truly,

E.

McKean County Oil News.

Yesterday's Bradford Era says: McKean county, during the past 30 years, has yielded up a lake of oil and still its underground stores of liquid wealth have not been exhausted. In gathering statistics for the monthly oil report to be published Saturday in this paper, it has been learned that there is considerable activity in field work in the Bradford district and one well that has been drilled in is of special interest to oil men and others.

It is located nearly a mile in advance of developments at Watsonville, this county, and is well No. 1 of Morck & Windsor, a Warren producing firm, and is located on Warrant 921. The oil is found in a sand just below the level from which Watsonville wells have been drawing their supply for many years and it is believed that it opens up something new. The well made a fine showing at the start and will probably do about 10 barrels a day. The oil is of excellent quality, and is found at a depth of 1,558 feet.

In the west limits of Custer City the South Penn Oil Co.'s No. 6 is reported at four barrels, while Howard & Hooper on Bingham 379, has a 10-barrel producer. On Bingham lot 670 James George's No. 12 well is reported as producing 25 barrels a day. The Metzgeling Oil Co.'s well No. 8 on the Morse estate is producing five barrels. Three wells are drilling in that vicinity at the present time.

In the West Branch four wells have been completed during the month and all are good for from two to three barrels each.

At Custer City the Aluminum Brick company has a gas well.

In the vicinity of Davis City there are two new wells on the Eva farm, the G. H. Dana estate No. 20, producing five barrels and one on the same farm, the Kaber well No. 7, is producing a like amount.

Independence Party Names Ticket.

The Independence party's convention reconvened in Chicago Tuesday afternoon, when the report of the organization committee recommended Charles A. Walsh of Iowa as permanent chairman. Mr. Walsh was elected and took the gavel. The afternoon was devoted to oratory and to the reading and adoption of the platform.

In the evening the convention reassembled at 8 o'clock and nominating and seconding speeches were in order.

M. W. Howard of Alabama, Thomas L. Hisgen of Massachusetts and John Temple Graves of New York were put in nomination. Hisgen proved to be the party's choice for the Presidency. The deed was done on the third ballot and the score was as follows:

Total number of delegates present, 948; necessary to choice, 632; final vote, Hisgen, 821; Howard, 38; Graves, 71; Hearst, 2.

For Vice President, John Temple Graves, one of the editors of the New York American was nominated by acclamation.

The convention was a very enthusiastic one and there were demonstrations galore, but not so long drawn out as the old parties' outbursts of gladness. Five thousand people were in the hall.

The Independence party is an offspring of William R. Hearst's Independent Democratic party of New York. It is a wonderful party in a good many ways. It makes more promises than Mr. Bryan's.

Excursion via Shawmut Line to Riverhurst and Rock City, August 2.

Sunday, August 2nd, P. S. & N. will run special excursion to Rock City and Riverhurst Parks. Train leaves Smethport 10:27 a. m. Round trip to Riverhurst 75c, to Rock City $1.00.

Spring Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of implements and farm implements. Three second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy leather wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

... The ...

Cashier's Grip

By ALANSON CROSBY.

Copyright, 1911, by Alanson Crosby.

"Whi-i-ish!"

The low, growl exclamation of chagrin fell from the lips of William Kane, alias Banker Bill, as he pressed his nose to the big plate glass window and deserted by the solitary light above the cashier's desk of the Merchants' National bank that that official was engaged upon his books.

The exclamation was echoed by Bill's companion, a thin, slight, consumptive fellow of thirty-five, who contrasted strangely with the other man's lurking form, but in whom the pallor and emaciation of incurable disease affected not the restless, roaming gleam in his pale blue eyes.

"Bill cooks our goose fur tonight, Jake," muttered the first and larger of the two men. "We can't do nothin' wid dat bloke in dere."

"We might pop him," suggested the smaller man, fondling his hip pocket mechanically and almost unconsciously as he spoke.

"Nix," said Bill authoritatively. "Youse entirely too free wid yer gun, Jersey. It's all right when it's necessary an' not too risky, but it ain't goin' fer do here. We'd be pinched before we could make tracks, and, den de chair fur both of us. It might be all right fur youse, who ain't got long ter live nohow, but my bellows is in good workin' order, an' I wants ter keep 'em pumpin' a few years yet."

For ten minutes the scratching of the cashier's pen and the turning of the leaves of the huge book before him continued. Then, with a sigh that partook of the quality of a groan, he closed the volume and raised his long-eared gaze mark-ed tape so that it was easy for the first thief to watch the drill.

"Gee, dat kid's a dead give-away!" whispered Jake. "De fellers from Jewish de bank's would n't pay him now he's a-goin' ter quit de books."

"Wot, dat mutt's a dead give-away?"

The cashier returned the book to its proper place. Then he disappeared through the door of an adjoining room, returning to view almost immediately with a small traveling grip in his hand. He glanced about him nervously, as though fearing he might be watched. The two pairs of eyes that were eagerly taking in his every action and the forms of their owners were indistinguishable, however, in the gloom of the street.

"Dis is good enough!" whispered Bill, and like conquest triumphed an assault.

The cashier laid the grip down upon his desk and lowered the curtain above it to a point 2 feet. Then he took from the pocket of his coat a pair of spectacles, opened a ledger and began to write.

Softly the vault door swung open. Speedily the cashier, bearing in his arms several small, oblong packages wrapped in paper, stepped into the vault and deposited them within it.

"De easiest stick-up job fur me!" chuckled Bill. "Oh, dis is dead easy!"

The cracksmen could see the cashier's hand tremble as he drew his watch from his vest pocket and, holding it closer to the light to read the time, shook his head negatively, as if in disappointment. Then he picked up the satchel, disappeared with it in his hands into the black depths of the vault and returned empty handed.

Depositing the packages within.

"What does this mean?" growled Jersey Jake.

"It's all right," replied his companion. "Best cultivate a little patience, Jersey."

The cashier closed the vault door and set the locks. Then he leaned against his desk in meditation. His face fell into his hands, and his frame shook with sobs. In a few minutes the fervor ceased, and he straightened up, as he looked at his watch. Then he put on his hat and overcoat and rubbers.

"Here we go!" whispered Bill. "Watch me, Chauncy"—this to Jake—"while I gives de signal."

Five minutes passed. Then Bill arose stealthily and motioned for Jake to do his work. The latter crawled out from his seat and, on tiptoes, his blackjack grasped in his hand. As Jake's arm was about to descend the heavy sap, I turn sniff on all sides. Then there was a crash of broken glass, a flash as of a shot before Jake's eyes, and the bank cashier fell forward without a sound.

The cashier stepped into a saloon and ordered whisky. His hand shook as he poured it out, and the glass overflowed before he could put the bottle down. He apologized abjectly to the bartender, threw the drink down his throat and called for another. This dispatched, he strode with uneasy steps out of the barroom and walked rapidly for several blocks.

He looked at his watch again and cursed as he noted the time. Then he entered a res- *Tipped the waiter and ordered a sumptuous meal.* taurant and gave the waiter an order. He called for a newspaper and tried to read. The paper quivered so in his hands that he could not see the letters, and with an exclamation of disgust, he called for his check, paid for the supper that had not yet been served him, tipped the astonished waiter a dollar and went out.

He looked furtively into the faces he passed in the streets and cast his head over his shoulder from time to time with nervous jerks. But he did not see the figures that followed him constantly a block back.

After an hour of this aimless wandering he returned to the bank. Opening again the vault door, he once more disappeared from view in the darkness and again reappeared with the satchel in his hands. Then hastily, as though he feared interruption, he closed and locked the vault door and hastened to the street, grip in hand.

A cab happened to be passing the bank as he stepped out. He called the driver, gave him a direction and jumped into the conveyance.

Jersey Jake uttered an oath.

"He's goin' ter get away from us!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, hush!" muttered Banker Bill with some dissent. "Youse is always goin' off half cocked. He take de cabby ter take him ter de Northern station. Dat means Canady fur him, as we knowd already, and de feist train don't leave for half an hour yet. We got lots of time. Don't get excited, de man."

Banker Bill summoned another cab and the two worthies entered it.

The Canadian limited bore only five passengers in the smoking car. Two of them occupied a seat near the front of the car, with their backs toward the rear. The third passenger, a nervous, middle aged, white haired gentleman, sat toward the rear of the car, with a small satchel upon the seat beside him, from which he never withdrew his hand. The two remaining passengers, who, it is needless to say, were Banker Bill and Jersey Jake, occupied the last seat in the car.

A nervous, middle aged gentleman.

"You've made a mistake, Jake," whispered Bill in his companion. "De man's stashing de loot here. Watch me, and when I gives de signal you pipes de few fellers on it. I gets up an' walks de full length of de car, which brings de feller ter a stop. As I does so youse jumps for de feller, grabs de grip an' watches me. I grabs de grip an' watches me. I grabs de grip an' watches me. I

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

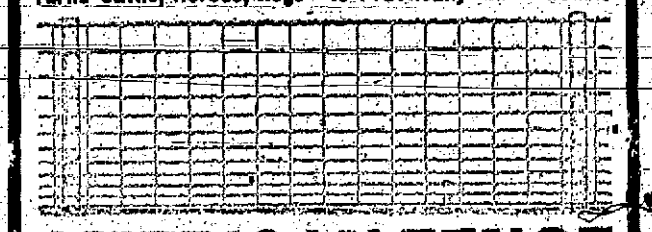
BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE BIG STORE.

Stands Like a Stone Wall

Turns Cattle, Horses, Hogs—Is Practically Indestructible



AMERICAN FENCE

Buy your new fence for years to come. Get the big, heavy wires, the hinge joint, the good galvanizing, the exactly proportioned quality of steel that is not too hard nor too soft.

We can show you this fence in our stock and explain its merits and superiority, not only in the roll but in the field. Come and see us and get our prices.

FISHING TACKLE

Roofing and building material

Dairy Supplies Barb Wire and Nails

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 30, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Lee Sing and Lee Young of Bradford have taken charge of the laundry under E. E. Heath's barber shop.

—After this week P. E. Brown will close his theatorium for three or four weeks in order to make improvements and repairs.

—A social dance will be given at the hall in Farmers Valley Friday night of this week. Acker's orchestra will furnish the music.

—A good time is assured those who attend the dance at the Lyceum Saturday evening. Chadwick's orchestra will furnish the music and the admission is 50 cents.

—The private water plant which has supplied Franklin with water has been turned over to the city. The price of $260,000 was paid for the property and it is worth it. Bonds were sold to Eastern capitalists to raise the money.

—A great game of ball was played at Falconer, Saturday afternoon between the Falconer and Corry teams. Twenty-three innings were played, the former team winning out in the last inning, the score being 2 to 1. The Falconer pitcher had 45 strike-outs to his credit.

—The E. C. Gilbert farm of 80 acres, located 1½ miles south of Bolivar, was sold on Saturday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to Albert O. Brown of Belmont. His brother, Eugene C. Brown of Belmont, will have charge of the property. The deal included one-half of the oil and gas right.

—A Philadelphia family had their share of trouble on Sunday last. At 8:30 a. m. John Bodenstein cut an artery in his left wrist; at 10:30 Mary, his wife, broke her left leg; at 11:45 their son, James, broke his nose; at 2 p. m. their daughter, Mamie, fractured her skull; at 4:15 George ran a nail in his foot; at 6:20 Harry got a button lodged in his nose; at 8:15 Lillie fell down the cellar stairs.

—In New Haven the committee of a graduating class once went to a jeweler with a commission for a class badge. They had in view a design representing a youthful graduate surveying the universe. "About how large would you like to have the figure?" the jeweler asked. "Well," said the spokesman, "we thought the graduate ought to cover about three-quarters of the badge and the universe the rest."

—Mrs. Josephine C., wife of Harry G. Bartle, died at Port Allegany on Tuesday of last week, aged 31 years. She is survived by a loving husband and a daughter aged 5 years.

—An explosion occurred in the tunnel at Empire on Monday afternoon which caused the death of one man and serious injury to a number of others. The men were at work in the excavation of the tunnel and a blast was put off in some manner prematurely causing the injury to the men who were in close proximity. The dead man was a Greek and those injured also foreigners, and the names unknown. Several of the injured were taken to the Ridgway hospital for treatment.—Johnsonburg Breeze.

—The Port Allegany Argus says: Complaint has been made to the Postoffice department that one of the Port Allegany papers has not reduced its Smethport list in accordance with the recent Postoffice regulations, in regard to unpaid subscriptions. This shows that the department is in earnest in regard to its ruling, and intends to enforce it. Incidentally we might state that the paper complained of is not the Argus, as we obeyed the law from the beginning and have cut off the unpaid subscribers.

—A collision that might have been worse occurred on the Kushequa road between Newton and Smethport Thursday afternoon. The passenger train from Smethport to connect with the afternoon B., R. & P. flyer was coming up the hill when a local freight and passenger train, back down, collided with the incoming train, damaging the locomotive. The train started back down the hill, but finally stopped. Several women fainted and others were shaken up, but none were seriously injured. The passenger locomotive was considerably damaged and the coach on the local train was derailed.—Bradford Record.

This is what Hon. Jake Moore, State Warden of Georgia, says of Kodol for Dyspepsia: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Dear sirs—I have suffered more than twenty years from indigestion. About eighteen months ago I had grown so much worse that I could not digest a crust of bread and could not retain anything on my stomach. I lost 25 lbs; in fact I made up my mind that I could not live but a short time, when a friend of mine recommended Kodol. I commenced to try it to please him and was better in one day. I now weigh more than I ever did in my life and am better in health than for many years. Kodol did it. I keep a bottle constantly, and write this hoping that humanity may be benefitted. Yours very truly, Jake C. Moore, Atlanta, Aug. 1901." Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

That our American forests abound in plants which possess the most valuable medicinal virtues is abundantly attested by scores of the most eminent medical writers and teachers. Even the untutored Indians had discovered the usefulness of many native plants before the advent of the white race. This information, imparted freely to the whites, led the latter to continue investigations, until to-day we have a rich assortment of most valuable American medicinal roots.

Dr. Pierce believes that our American forests afford in most valuable medicinal roots for the cure of most obstinate and fatal diseases. If we would properly investigate them and in confirmation of this conviction, he points with pride to the almost marvelous cures effected by his "Golden Medical Discovery," which has proven itself to be the most efficient stomach tonic, liver invigorator, heart tonic and regulator, and blood cleanser known to medical science. Dyspepsia, or indigestion, torpid liver, functional and even valvular and other affections of the heart yield to its curative action. The reason why it cures these and many other affections is clearly shown in a little book of extracts from the standard medical works which is mailed *free* to any address by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., to all sending request for the same.

Not less marvelous, in the unparalleled cures it is constantly making of women's many peculiar affections, weaknesses and distressing derangements, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as is amply attested by thousands of unsolicited testimonials contributed by grateful patients who have been cured by it of catarrhal pelvic difficulties, painful periods, irregularities, prolapsus and other displacements, caused by weakness, ulceration of uterus and kindred affections, often after many other advertised medicines and physicians had failed.

Both the above mentioned medicines are wholly made up from the glyceric extracts of native medicinal roots. The processes employed in their manufacture were original with Dr. Pierce, and they are carried on by skilled chemists and pharmacists with the aid of apparatus and appliances specially designed and built for their purpose. Both medicines are entirely free from alcohol and all other harmful, habit-forming drugs. A full list of their ingredients is printed on each bottle-wrapper.

Unwise Combination.

To the mind of Mrs. Abigail Jennings there was a sort of disloyalty in admitting to any outsider that a native of Whitcomb could be really eccentric. As for anything beyond eccentricity, Mrs. Jennings would never have admitted it, even in the case of Miss Rachel Gregg, who was frankly called crazy by the summer visitors.

"Now, Mrs. Jennings," said one of the boarders, "do you really mean that you've never known Miss Gregg to do anything that you'd call crazy?"

"No, I haven't," said Mrs. Jennings with a firm and unyielding expression about her prominent chin.

"Why, what do you think of her sending that bag of eggs over to the Corners to Mrs. Cole right in the box with her laundry work and never telling the stage driver and telling him throw the box right off?" inquired the summer boarder. "Mrs. Cole says there's one shirt waist she'll never be able to wear again."

"Well," said Mrs. Jennings calmly, "I should say about that as I have about a number of little things Rachel does and has done. She may lack in wisdom and forethought now and again, Tad, Hon, who doesn't, I'd like to know?"—Youth's Companion.

Showing Our Monkey Blood.

The lieutenant, congratulated on his home run, slapped himself proudly on the chest and began to boast of still finer home runs that he had made in the past.

"Did you see that gesture, the stricken breast?" said an ethnologist of Harvard. "Whenever we make that gesture in our vanity we prove the Darwinian theory up to the hilt.

"You know the gorilla. Kipling and Du Chaillu describe him as an enormous ape that in his indomitable bravado beats his breast with a sound like the rolling of the muffled drums of Memorial day.

"As big as a bull, as swift as a cat, as powerful as an elephant, the gorilla believes himself unconquerable, and in the vain glory of that belief he inflates his lungs and beats his swollen breast till the jungle rings like a gong.

"We in our moments of foolish and excessive vanity inflate our lungs and ship our swollen breasts.

"There, sirs, we have the monkey blood in us."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Too Much Music.

"I like churches to be quiet, the just so all the time," said a preacher, choosing his words with care as one picked out a particular brick in a building. "I like a church to be like that going to work at a building church he was taken sick for a day or two, who while [illegible]

"This parable, I feel I must ask you not to preach more than ten or twelve minutes. It's the hope that the people come here for."

"That was wrong. But worse still was the case of a supply preacher in a church famous for its anthems and choruses. The stranger, not noticing the scraping and tuning of fiddles, rose and began to preach when the choir leader jumped up and shouted angrily to him from the choir loft at the other end of the church:

"'Sit down, man! When it's your turn we'll tell you.'"

Joys of the Interne.

"If you could see some of the vicious home treatment applied to cuts," the young interne at Bellevue said, "you'd wonder at the comparatively few cases of tetanus. If a playful mongrel pup snaps at you, the first side knows that the only thing to do is to put some of the hair of the dog that did the biting—the hair must be from that particular dog—into the cut. They come with incisions reeking with all the filth imaginable—the dirtiest cobwebs from the garret, for instance, which are even more popular as a poultice than those made of a chew of tobacco. Two boys came in recently the same day with cuts to which cigar butts had been bound down because, they explained, they don't chew tobacco. You can't convince the east side that it's wrong. Don't waste time, but clean the wound scientifically, pray for good luck and yell 'Next!'"—New York Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

English as Sung.

I live opposite to a school where music is carefully and constantly taught. The children have acquired the difficult art of dropping a semitone a minute. But the accent employed is even more interesting than the tone system. Here is a favorite school song:

Flahrs, luvly flahrs, in a garden yeh my see,
The rowses there with their reuby lip,
Pinks the 'unny by loves teh sip.
Teulips, teulips, gy as a butterfly's wing,
Merrygolds rich as the crahn of a king,
Rich as the crahn of a king,
But none seh fair teh me,
None seh fair teh me,
As these wildwood flahrs,
Sweet wild flahrs.

—London Academy.

The Tip Terror.

"Give me a penny, sir, for something to eat."

"But you've got sixpence in your hand now. What's that for?"

"Oh, that's to tip the waiter, sir."—London Globe.

Beeziumbots Bad as Dialect.

Southern people have much to bear—the articles in the magazines, for example, in which northern contributors try to put our negro dialect! It's enough to give one the beeziumbots.—Galveston News.

There is none made so great but he may both need help and service and stand in fear of the power and unkindness even of the meanest of mortals.

Sick Headache and Biliousness relieved at once with Rings Little Liver Pills. A rosy complexion and clear eyes result from their use. Do not grip or sicken. Good for all the family. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is good for cuts, burns, bruises and scratches. It is especially good for piles. Recommended and sold by L. K. Hogarth.

First Silver Wedding.

The first silver wedding dates back to the time of Hugues Capet. The servants, says Home Chat, belonging to him had grown gray in his service, a man and a woman, and what could he do as a reward? Calling the woman he said: "Your service is great, greater than the man's, whose service is great enough, for the woman always finds work harder than a man, and therefore I will give you a reward. At your age I know of none better than a dowry and a husband. The dowry is here—this farm from this time forth belongs to you. If this man, who has worked with you five and twenty years, is willing to marry you, then the husband is ready."

"Your majesty," said the old peasant, "how is it possible that we should marry, having already silver hairs?"

"Then it shall be a silver wedding." And the king gave the couple silver enough to keep them in plenty.

This soon became known all over France and raised such enthusiasm that it became a fashion after twenty-five years of married life to celebrate a silver wedding.

The Treasury Vaults.

The first question the average visitor to the United States treasury building asks is, "Couldn't burglars tunnel under the vaults and rob the government?" Well, that is not likely. An armed guard sits beside the vaults. Every twenty minutes he is required to ring an alarm just to show that he is awake. An armed patrol makes the rounds hourly. Secret service men in plain clothes, with concealed weapons, keep watch and ward outside and inside the building. As to tunneling, the officials hold that if a man by any possibility should manage to bore underneath, a vault the heavy metal would crush him to a jelly, thus administering a lasting gold cure. Even if the tunnel forgiar should get away with his life he could not get away with much gold. Ten thousand dollars in double eagles weighs thirty-eight pounds. Forty million dollars in gold certificates of the $10,000 denomination weighs eleven and a half pounds. Even burglars prefer the gold certificates to the first things.—Buffalo Times.

Journalistic Revenges.

The curious boycott of the press in the British parliament had a precedent in the mother of parliaments, the British house of commons. A writer in [illegible] records that the personal violence was no less a celebrity than the late Daniel O'Connell. He complained that the inaccuracy of the parliamentary reports, and he forced to take down upon paper with his own hand the form of interesting conversation. He found the labor [illegible] that [illegible] he got very often returned to report him as all [illegible] and that [illegible] he [illegible] the pledge to be brought to the bar of the house. Finally he apologized and all was well. Lord Littleton in 1871 fell foul of the press in the same way, and the late Lord Monteagle had his name omitted from London newspaper reports for two years because he said something the reporters did not like.

A Misplaced Pin.

"I was in an uptown tea room where the scenery is all out of proportion to the amount served you," said a New York clubman. "I was dallying with some ice cream when my spoon struck a common, everyday pin in the bottom of the frozen stuff. I gave a little wave, and a waiter slipped to my side. 'See, a pin in this ice cream,' I said. 'Why, I might have swallowed that.' He took the glass and disappeared. When he returned he reminded me of an undertaker, he was that solemn. 'That pin has lost a man his job, sir,' he said. 'Well,' I replied, 'I am sorry for that, but it might have cost me my life, when you come to think of it.' 'Yes, sir,' said the waiter meekly. Then 'You see, sir, most of the folks that eats here just sips their ice cream and don't chew it.'"—New York Times.

Growth of Pity.

No one formerly looked on with any pity or even horror at punishments which are now found too dreadful for description. Men were broken on the wheel, were burned at the stake, were racked, were cut up alive. No one seems to have felt any pity for their agonies. Men were put into noisome prisons, where, with bad air and insufficient food, they died unnoticed and unpitied. It is very different now. Human hearts are more tender.

She Voted.

"What was the topic of debate in our club today?" asked one member of the feminine society.

"The topic of debate," was the response. "Why—er—let me see—I can't remember what the topic was. But I voted on either the positive or negative side of the question. I forget which."—Washington Star.

The Problem Solved.

Newed—My wife has a habit of taking money from my pockets when I'm asleep. Oldwed—Mine used to do that, too, but she doesn't do it any more. Newed—How do you prevent it? Oldwed—I spend every cent I have before I go home.—Chicago News.

An Exception.

"Ah, kind friend," said the minister, "it is deeds, not words, that count."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the woman. "Did you ever send a telegram?"—Detroit Free Press.

Cheering.

Aspirant—You have heard my voice, professor. Now please tell me candidly what branch of vocalism it is best adapted for. Professor—Well—cheering.

Pineules for Backache, little golden globules, easy and pleasant to take. Act directly on the kidneys purify the blood and invigorate the entire system. Best for backache, lame back, kidneys and bladder. 30 days' trial $100. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Grange News.

FARMERS VALLEY.

(Written by Mrs. M. A. Caldwell.)

(Potter Democrat please copy)

A dispatch brought the sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Ann Rees of Costello, Friday, July 24, 1908, widow of the late Columbus Rees, deceased, and mother of the eminent Dr. G. C. Rees of that place. This estimable lady was the mother of nine children, five of whom are living. She lived to an advanced age and saw her children well settled in life. She is also survived by an aged sister, Emma, wife of John Miller Rees, and one brother, Joseph Hall, both of the same place, and many grandchildren, nephews, nephews and distant relatives and friends who will ever remember this virtuous and good woman whose death will bring feelings of profound sorrow.

There will be a reunion of the Rees family at Costello, August 9th, 1908.

Almost a year has passed and gone
Since our last meeting at the shrine,
Where loving hearts all beat as one
Around the dear ones there entwine.

A dear one we had hoped to meet,
So wearied could no longer stay,
He bade adieu to earth, though sweet,
To a better home she sped.

Oh! 'tis the music over there,
The angelic voices join in song,
The infant choirs now so fair,
Now greet the mother so long gone.

Why should we grieve, her trials o'er,
Triumphant now her soul will rise,
In joy and peace forevermore,
To that dear home beyond the skies.

B. F. Cory and family departed for Costello on Saturday to attend the funeral of his aunt, Ann Rees, returning Monday.

The new minister is expected next week, as Rev. Smith will go to conference and will decline returning. Bro. Smith and wife have made many warm friends during their stay and will be sadly missed, and we hope when they go to his new field of labor they will find a heart & welcome with many blessings in store.

Tackle This One.

The following paragraph of a hundred words is an excellent test in pronunciation—try it first and then go over it again, every word, in company with a good dictionary:

"Cleaning isolated in the oasis, soon became enervated and had ample leisure to contemplate all the yesterdale glories of her once fruitful sward. The wound received the sagacious sovereign, who gave a courteous diagnosis and had my cruel providence for it that I was in the midst of a case with an air of the [illegible] operation. He told me how like a book I am it might have been a disastrous matter from the look of the [illegible] of [illegible] wrote down his subjects. She ate her breakfast and then patronized with a national regret in opprobrium, who attended the obsequies."

A Plot That Failed.

A story of a plot to kidnap Queen Victoria and turn England into a republic is told in Pelet-Narbonne's book, "Anarchy: Its Methods and Exponents." This coup d'etat was planned to take place in 1858, the year of the great dock strike in London, but was frustrated by the success of the strikers and the unexpected sympathy and help shown them by the moneyed classes. This did much to conciliate the masses, on whose help the revolutionists relied.

Capital Punishment.

Bride (throwing her arms about the bridegroom's neck)—You are my prisoner for life! Bridegroom—It's not imprisonment for life, love; it's capital punishment.—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

The Villain.

Critic—The villain in your story is a perfect masterpiece. Where did you get the character? Novelist—I imagined a man possessed of all the forms of wickedness which my wife attributes to me when she is angry.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM

AND SODA WATER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column, per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday July 30, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York

FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT
WILLIAM D. PORTER
of Pittsburg

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Senneminahoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HAGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN P. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETTERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. K. NIBLEY
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of Clermont

The Washington Post suggests that Government ownership of warships would make a good issue for Mr. Bryan in 1912.

The women of Turkey have discarded the veil which they have always worn in public ever since the beginning of history. The unveiled beauty of the Ottoman Empire, which has ever been traditional, is making a great hit with the men.

Nearly every day we read of from one to five fatal automobile accidents and in nearly every instance carelessness or reckless driving is responsible for them. Ever since a little child we have heard stories about the "fool killer" making visits and now we are satisfied that his other name is Fool Chauffeur.

Gov. Hoch is willing to succeed himself if the people demand that he run again. He always was an obliging personage as a runner. He was willing even to make the run for the Presidency some time ago. Gov. Hoch is a patriot and a reformer, but it is not likely that York State folks will give him another nomination this year.—Bradford Era.

A terrific electric, wind and rain storm swept over the camp of the Pennsylvania National Guard at Gettysburg Thursday, killing three of the guardsmen and injuring nearly fifty other members of that body. Those killed were Corporal H. M. Garber, privates James A. Park and Clyde Morrison, who were struck by lightning. Governor Stuart and his sister, together with hundreds of visitors had narrow escapes.

It appears that over in the Clearfield-Cameron-Center congressional district the Democratic candidate is going to put up a fight at the general election in November, believing that he has an opportunity of beating out Captain Barclay who has just finished his first successful term in a manner that needs no apologies. A fellow by the name of Walker is the one to be deluded this time, and he is enjoying himself up with an idea constituent that by some hook or crook Bryan will be elected and a lot of Congressional districts go Democratic. There is nothing new for Democrats to deceive themselves in that district, but when the votes are counted it will be found that Captain Barclay has more than the very handsome majority by which he was elected two years ago. Captain Barclay had the honor of presiding during a short absence of Speaker Cannon, at the last session—an honor that had never before been given a first termer. Barclay will be elected by a majority of about 5,000.—Reynoldsville Herald.

W. R. Hearst, after roasting the Republican platform in his "keynote speech" at the Independence party convention, spoke as follows: "The Democratic platform contains some good and original things, but, as has been said, the original things are not good and the good things are not original. It was built by political jackdaws, who feathered their plumes with the plumes of others without understanding of their significance or intention as to their principles or performance. It is the habitation of a hermit crab which has no shell of its own and invades the first convenient one without regard to property or propriety. It is a platform, too, of reconciliation and retraction, of atonement and apology, of harmony and hypocrisy, for in compliance with a former compact Parker has pronounced peace, Bill Bailey has poured Standard Oil upon the troubled waters and Bryan has killed not only the fatted calf but the goose that laid the golden egg. No man can serve two masters and no man can conciliate the conflicting elements of the Democratic party. He who tries must serve one and deceive the other—must make public pretense to the people and private compact with the trusts."

The Local Optionists put forth the claim that it is no more than fair that the question of license in the different counties of the State should be submitted to the voters of said counties and theoretically it is right, but practice shows an entirely different side to the question. It is generally conceded that Pennsylvania has about the best license laws of any State in the Union and that under the Brooks high license law we have less drunkenness and trouble than our neighbor States. New York State has a local option law and all that is necessary is to compare conditions in the two States. On election day in Pennsylvania every licensed place is closed and the owners and employes of those places exercise their rights like any citizen and spend the day quietly. Election day in New York is the most strenuous day of the year for the owners of licenses and their employes; it is the day which decides the life or death of their business and every cent of them is out hustling for votes, using every means possible to win. And if they lose "pop-eyes" is started in the rear of the regular saloon and viler stuff than a licensed place dare sell is dispensed without regard for or restriction of the law. In theory Local Option, like socialism, is a grand thing, but in practice it does not work out any better than socialism would under present conditions.

An Intelligent Reptile.

The Random Notes man of the Bradford Era is responsible for the following snake story:

J. H. Patterson, a well-known resident of Cameron county, owns a tame rattlesnake which has been taught some interesting tricks. It jumps its length over Mr. Patterson's face; rolls over as commanded, rattles an accompaniment to a ring tune which its master whistles and does other peculiar stunts.

The snake has accomplished the art of holding a lighted cigarette in its mouth, but balks at smoking it—probably fearing the poisonous effects.

The generally accepted notion that snakes are not intelligent has been proved to be untrue in the case of this reptile. When it is hungry it goes to Mr. Patterson and rattles pleadingly while looking up at him, with an expression which quite conveys its meaning. Owing to the fact that its teeth have been removed it subsists on a diet of fresh milk.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 25, 1908:

James Burton, Miss Mildred Johnson, J. C. Wallace.—Foreign, Miteff Pere.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Hundreds of people who suffer from backache, rheumatism, lame back, lumbago and similar ailments are not aware that these are merely symptoms of kidney trouble, and to be relieved they must correct the cause. Pineules for the Kidney, pleasant and easy to take, are readily absorbed by the stomach and blood act directly on the kidneys, bringing quick relief to backache and other symptoms of kidney and bladder derangements. A dose of Pineules at bed time brings relief. 30 days' trial $1.00 and guaranteed or money back. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Excelsior Swing Stanchion.

Warranted the best, 20 days trial; uncommon when open; noiseless, simple, sanitary, durable; in use on all farms of D. C. Young. The Wasson Stanchion Co., Box 337, Cuba, N. Y.

One application of Man Zan Pile Remedy for all forms of piles relieves pain, scorns, reduces inflammation, soreness and itching. Price 50c. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Pineules Cardshaze acts like a poultice. Quick relief for bites and sting of insects, chapped skin, cuts, burns and sores, tan and sunburn. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Operation for piles will not be necessary if you use Man Zan Pile Remedy. Put up ready to use. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Try it. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Chestnut Fence Posts for Sale.

Second-growth chestnut fence posts at 12 cents each. Apply to James Quirk.

A Big American.

In the earlier days of the republic the president was invariably the best-equipped man that was eligible to the office. Down at least through Jackson's administration service to the country in affairs of statesmanship was the almost unquestioned qualification for the presidency. It was only when the election of Burr was threatened that the electoral machinery was changed. Mr. Taft's candidacy carries the presidential contest back to the level of the days of fundamental statesmanship. Objection to Mr. Taft, that he has served in the cabinet, is very much like urging against a school teacher that he knows how to read and write, or against a judge because he has practiced law.

It is this virtue of demonstrated fitness for the place that puts Mr. Taft among the strongest candidates for the presidency who ever have gone before the country without the glamor of military success. And even in this regard—at least in the promotion of peace, which is the ultimate glory of honorable war—the facts in his career are those that arouse patriotic fervor.

He set the American flag firmly where Dewey, McKinley and Roosevelt placed it. More than any other man he has carried respect for the American power to people in every part of the world. Exactly as Franklin, Jefferson and Adams yielded immense service to their country through their individual efforts in foreign countries, so William Howard Taft, by the force of his personality, patriotism and genius for affairs, was the direct servant of the American people in the Philippines, in Japan, in Cuba and in Panama.

No living American could present a more direct appeal to the citizens of every section and of all political creeds than Mr. Taft. He belongs to the whole country as the big, efficient statesman who has gained leadership by the sheer force of doing great things better than anybody else could do them.—Warren Mirror.

Just a little Cascarets is all that is necessary to give to your baby when it is cross and peevish. Cascarets regulate the liver and bowels and not nauseate like pills, cathartics or castor oil. Mothers recommend them. Ask your druggist for them. Sold by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Fine 150 Acre Farm With Stock, Tools and Fodder for Only $4,600.

We offer for sale a fine farm of 150 acres, located on North Branch road, 3½ miles from Friendship, N. Y. Land lays fine, free from stone, mellow and productive. 120 acres cleared, balance in hardwood timber. Watered by creek and springs. Splendid grass land especially adapted for dairying, but will raise anything. Fine house of 11 rooms, with large cement floor cellar, spring water at house. House could not be replaced for less than $2,500. Fair barn 36x70 with stable 18x70. Tub silo, stool house. Farm is on R. F. D. and telephone line. With the farm we offer 16 good cows, bull calf, farm tools and machinery, 50 tons hay, 200 bushels oats, 40 silage, etc. Everything for only $4,600, or this $1,300 cash, mortgage for balance on easy payments. Possession November 1, 1908. One-fourth mile to school, ¾ miles to cheese factory. This is one of the best bargains on our list. If you go and see it you will buy. Owner unable to look after property only reason for selling.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.
We have 80 farms for sale.

Sane's
57 MAIN STREET
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER - OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 109

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S
Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, $200,000.00
Resources about $600,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN, ORLO J. HAMLIN, RALPH E. BURDICK, FRED D GALLUP, JOHN FORBES, JAMES A. McKEAN, C. D. COMES, CHARLES McKEAN, B. H. REDFIELD

PICKLES

This week we offer Sweet, Sour and Mixed Pickles, at inducing prices.

All kinds of Fruit and Green Goods.

Fine Graulated Salt $1.25 a barrel.

Diamond F. Salt $1.50 a barrel.

Oscar Engstrom.

Notice to Merchants.

We are manufacturers of Canvas and Canton Flannel Gloves of all weights. Plain band top; knit wrist; gauntlet or Cadet, &c. When in need write us telling what you want and we will either call on you or send you samples with prices that we know will please you. Our Gloves are good and large when washed. We sell at Wholesale only. Kindly remember us when in need and patronize Home Industry.

Barbour & Barbour,

NEWERF, McKean Co., PA.

Notice of Administration.

In the matter of the estate of John Shearer, deceased.

Letters of Administration having been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of the said John Shearer, late of Hamilton Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania deceased, to Joseph Shearer, residing at Warren in the County of Warren and State aforesaid, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay, to

JOSEPH SHEARER, Administrator.
Warren, Pa., R. F. D. No. 4
Dated July 25, 1908.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned was on the 6th day of July, 1908, granted letters of administration of the estate of Patrick Bacon, deceased, late of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania. All persons having claims or demands against said estate will make same known to me without delay, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment.

DANIEL BACON, Administrator.
DuBois, Pa., July 13th, 1908.

H. W. RUBIN

Hot Weather

is here, and our BARGAINS in Clothing have also arrived. All Summer SUITS for men and boys will go at prices that will make you sit up and take notice. Come and see.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

TOUR TO YELLOWSTONE PARK AND THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

In Northwestern Wyoming in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, lies one of nature's richest treasures—the Yellowstone National Park. Set apart by Act of Congress for the enjoyment of mankind, it is America's greatest show ground. To visit this Park is to see nature in a variety of majestic moods. Mammoth hot springs, with multicolored terraces, cliffs of glass, beautiful lakes, mighty falls, glorious canyons, and geysers of all descriptions, are found in this wonderful region.

On August 4 a personally-conducted tour through the Yellowstone Park to Portland and Seattle, returning through the magnificent Canadian Rocky Mountains, will leave the East by special train over the Pennsylvania Railroad. Five and one-half days will be spent in the Park, one day in Portland, one day in Vancouver, one day at Field, B. C., one day at Laggan, Alba, one day at Banff, and stops will be made at many other points of interest. The tour will cover a period of twenty-two days.

As an educational trip for either teacher or scholar, this tour is especially attractive, as it covers a section of America rich in scenery and replete with the marvelous manifestations of nature.

The rates, which will cover all necessary expenses will be $246 from New York, $243.20 from Philadelphia, $241.20 from Washington and Baltimore, $230.80 from Pittsburg, and proportionate from other points.

Preliminary leaflets may be obtained of Agents, and detailed itineraries will be ready for distribution shortly. Persons desiring to avail themselves of this opportunity to visit the Park of the Nation should make application for Pullman space early as the party will be limited. Make application through local Ticket Agents or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Marlin

A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, sure, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.

There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shotguns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "Marlin Book" just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. 10c FREE for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

ANDORFER & LYLE

Groceries.

Headquarters for FRUITS & GREEN GOODS in Season.

Just Received shipment of NEW CELERY.

Our Prices are Right
Consistent with Quality of Goods

ANDORFER & LYLE

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

Semi-Annual Clearance

—OF—

The Lindholm Co.

From Saturday, June 27th,

To Saturday, July 18th.

Three weeks of money saving days for wise buyers. Don't forget the dates; you know the place.

Rock Bottom Prices. The chance of this season to buy dry goods regardless of cost.

List of some of our offerings will be left at your door. Look it over—then come.

The Lindholm Company.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

SPEAKS TODAY AT OUR STORE

Bryan has just made Records of his 11 best speeches for the

GENUINE EDISON PHONOGRAPH

sold by us. The Records consist of telling passages selected from his favorite orations on such subjects as The Trust Question, Imperialism, Immortality, The Labor Question, An Ideal Republic, etc.

These Records were made by Mr. Bryan himself. Everyone who has heard him speak will recognize all of that wonderful charm of voice and manner that has made him famous as an orator.

Come to our store and hear the real voice and spoken words of The Great Commoner, repeated true to life on Thomas A. Edison's Phonograph. Free exhibitions of the Bryan records every day this week.

A genuine Edison Phonograph complete with the new big horn for $12.50 or $25. Sold for only $1 a week. Edison Records that wear forever are only 35 cents each.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 30, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Trout fishing season opens to-morrow.

—Attend the dance at the Lyceum Saturday night.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Pedro Natello on Tuesday evening a girl.

—See the fight and wrestling match at the Theatorium to-night.

—Black bears are reported to be quite plentiful in this section just at present.

—Mrs. Harry L. Backus entertained the Bridge Whist club yesterday afternoon.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Mark M. Pomeroy at Port Allegany on Saturday, July 25, a girl.

—Born to Rev. and Mrs. William E. VanDyke of Kane at the Bradford hospital on Saturday, July 25, a girl.

—Hon. Geo. C. Furman of Bradford is dangerously ill at his home and little hopes are entertained for his recovery.

—Mrs. Ray of Colegrove is suffering with a broken rib, which was fractured Saturday while taking care of her grandson, Fred Wendell.

—Charles A. McKeely died in Pittsburg Tuesday afternoon, after a long illness. He was 61 years of age. Mr. McKeely was well known in this county.

—An Italian trackwalker was robbed of his watch and $74 and terribly beaten by three unknown Italians near Driftwood a few days ago. The thugs escaped.

—The concrete crosswalk on Main street near the postoffice has been removed to the Fulton street crossing near the hose house. It stood moving without breaking.

—It has been reported to us that some boy or boys make a practice of destroying flowers in certain localities in town and that unless these depredations are stopped prosecutions will follow.

—We don't like to brag, but we think we are about the first to have green corn out of our own garden, which was enjoyed Tuesday evening. Just to be honest about it, we will say that the credit for the care of the garden is due to dad.

—The game of baseball between Mt. Jewett and Smethport at Kane held last Thursday afternoon resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 9 to 5. Both teams played a fairly good game, but there was a lack of interest by players and spectators alike.

—The dance given by the Lemon club at the Lyceum Tuesday eve was another great success as those parties have been ever since the club was organized. About seventy couples danced to the inspiring strains of Chadwick's orchestra until a late hour. Excellent refreshments were served.

—Governor Edwin Stuart has fixed Tuesday, Sept. 29th, as the date for the execution of Richard McKwaine, who shot and killed Warren Peterson, the construction foreman, near Hanover during last October. Warren Peterson, colored, formerly lived in Smethport.

—George Mason, a well-known East Smethport character, is in jail awaiting trial on an unmentionable charge. The information was made by Jay Stickles on Monday and Mason was given a hearing before Justice Cline, who held him for the next term of court in the sum of $300 bail, which was not forthcoming.

—W. T. Soger of New York city, formerly of this place, had a narrow escape from bleeding to death one night last week. He had a tooth drawn during the day and a severe hemorrhage at the time, which was stopped. During the night he had another and nearly bled to death before medical assistance could be procured.

—William Davis, who was shot and seriously injured by Joe Malfara in Johnsonburg on June 20, has left the Ridgway hospital and returned to Johnsonburg, where he tells a different story from the one published at the time. According to Davis' story, Malfara was really the aggressor and the circumstances did not warrant his attack upon Davis.

—It is said that solicitors claiming to have been sent out by the Retail Merchants' Association of Pennsylvania are asking merchants in different parts of the State to donate for a legislative fund for the repeal of the mercantile tax law. This association says no one has been authorized to solicit money for this or any other purpose. This should be sufficient warning to our merchants.

—G. Bever Eckert is now a full-fledged dentist, with full rights to practice his profession anywhere in the State of Pennsylvania. He graduated with honors from the University of Pennsylvania on June 17, and yesterday he received his diploma from the Board examined at Harrisburg. He expects to open an office in the near future, but as yet he is undecided as to where he will locate.

—William McLaughlin who is employed at the pump station at Colegrove had the index finger on his right hand badly smashed on Monday. He was working around one of the pumps and that member got caught in some of the machinery with the above result. He came to Smethport where Dr. Clark dressed the injured member. There is yet some danger that the member will have to be amputated.

—We have recently sent bills to all our subscribers who are nearly a year in arrears for the MINER and we hope all will send their remittances before the year expires. We do not doubt your honesty, nor do we wish to press our claims too hard, but the Postoffice department forbids us to extend credit to anyone for more than a year and we therefore must insist on having these accounts settled at once.

—Many strange things are being unearthed by those digging up Main street, preparatory for the new pavement. Workmen lowering the gas and water lines in front of W. H. Hungerford's liquor store found timbers and planks which looked as though there had been a splash dam there at one time. The timbers were in a very good state of preservation, but the oldest inhabitants could not recall ever seeing anything of the sort in that place.

—Mrs. Earl Rosenorans, formerly of Sawyer City, was accidentally shot by her husband at her home in Woodhull, N. Y., on Wednesday of last week. Her husband was getting his shotgun ready to shoot some crows when it was accidentally discharged just as she stepped into range from another room. She received the full charge in the face, badly disfiguring her, and the last reports were to the effect that her wounds were fatal. Her husband is crazed with grief.

—Game wardens appear to be quite busy in some parts of the State disposing of dogs found in the woods out of the hunting season. The Shamokin Daily News says of that section. "From reports received by the game protective associations in this section it has been definitely ascertained that at least 200 dogs have met death at the hands of game wardens in the week beginning during the spring and summer. As a consequence rabbits and other small game are more plentiful than for many years."

—A traveling man's unsatisfactory display of liquid refreshments at this place was spending a short vacation with his parents-in-law in Annin township. One day as he was strolling through the green meadows and wooded hills and dales he discovered their eyes. He followed the supposed honey-indowed little fellows for a great distance when he finally located the "bee tree." That night he summoned the assistance of friends and neighbors for the cutting and started for the tree. When the palace of sweetness was reached some of the older heads discovered that he had only found a wasp's nest. It will not be safe to mention bees to Billy for some time to come.

—The Olympic games, which had been in progress in London for nearly two weeks, came to a close on Saturday afternoon. As usual, in the athletic competitions United States athletes led the rest of the world by a safe margin, despite many unfair tricks resorted to by our English cousins to defeat them. In the athletic contests there were 28 events, United States athletes winning 17 of them, breaking five Olympic and one world's records. Following is the number of points scored by each country: United States, 7[illegible]; United Kingdom, 66; Sweden, 66; Canada, 11; South Africa, 5; Greece, 5; Austria, 5; Germany, 4; Italy, 3; Hungary, 3; France, 2½; Australia, 1; Finland, 1.

—The great burning well near Tampico, Mexico, owned by the Pennsylvania Oil Co., of which Hon. L. Emery, Jr., of Bradford is a heavy stockholder, is still shooting 30,000 barrels of flaming oil 1,500 feet into the heavens every day. About 96 per cent. of the oil thrown out is being consumed before it comes back to earth, but the remaining 10 per cent. has made quite a lake which is on fire in places. It is the greatest oil fire ever known and all efforts to extinguish it have been futile. The owners of the well have constructed an enormous metal drag which will be drawn across the flames by means of traction engines in the hope of smothering them as soon as the fire subsides so that men can get within working distance.

Mr. Dresser Injured.

Hon. S. R. Dresser was seriously injured Monday afternoon by being thrown from his automobile. He struck upon his head on a stone, alongside the road and sustained a severe scalp wound. He was badly jarred, but fortunately there were no fractures. Mrs. Dresser, her son Carl, and chauffeur were in the automobile at the time. They were in the vicinity of Bell's Camp, descending a hill, when the forewheels of the auto struck against an oil pipe which lay on the surface of the road. The automobile slewed and Mr. Dresser who was sitting in a front seat, was pitched out. He was somewhat dazed, but did not lose consciousness.

The accident occurred near the W. N. Y. & P. traction road and a car bound for Bradford, which soon came along, was placed at the service of the injured man and he was brought in it to his home in the city. Surgical attention was promptly given and last evening he was resting as comfortably as might be expected under the circumstances.

Mrs. Dresser in speaking of the accident, said it was one of those unexpected happenings for which no person can be held accountable. She exonerated the chauffeur from all blame. The car was not capsized.—Bradford Era.

For Sale.

Two horses, cheap, and one sulky plow. Inquire of
O. D. Nourse, East Smethport.

Personal Mention.

Al Ives was a business visitor in town Monday.

A. D. Heath of Bradford was in town this week.

Mark Pomeroy of Port Allegany was in town Tuesday.

Michael McMinn of Mt. Jewett was a Smethport visitor Sunday.

Miss Olive Wells of Harrisburg is the guest of Mrs. C. A. Burdick.

Miss Lena Wright left Tuesday for a visit with relatives in St. Marys.

Joseph Kerwin and Miss Jessie Schroder of Eldred were in town Monday.

Mrs Frank Baldwin of Austin is visiting her mother, Mrs. Alice McClure.

Henry and Katherine Kurby of Painesville, Ohio, are the guests of Miss Nellie Gill.

Mr. and Mrs. Mott Peters of Buffalo are the guests of relatives and friends in town.

Miss Mary T. Carr of Bradford is the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. P. Isherwood.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce returned Wednesday from a short visit with Olean friends.

Miss May Wyant returned home yesterday from a visit to her mother at Carnegie.

Mrs. L. H. Gipp and daughter of Buffalo were the guests of Contractor L. H. Gipp on Monday.

Mrs. A. J. Warshofsky and son, Harold, of Rochester are guests of H. W. Rubin and family.

Harry Haley of Olean was in town Monday to attend the funeral of the late Fred Wendell.

Paul Drown of Ellicottville, N. Y., was the guest of relatives in town Saturday and Sunday.

S. G. Bush and granddaughter, Ruth Voorhies, attended Frank Robbins' circus in Olean Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Camp passed Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. S. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany.

Misses Inza Shepherd and Edna Hungerford left Wednesday for a week's visit with friends in Bolivar.

Dr. F. C. Pierce was in town Sunday.

Mort Backus and Richard Koenig of Olean are spending a few days in town.

Mrs. Sarah Blake and Mrs. Emil Jahn of Eldred are visiting the former's daughter, Mrs. J. Clayton Backus.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus, Harold Backus and Miss Anna Burr went to Olean Sunday in the former's automobile.

Miss Laura Glavin returned Wednesday from Coudersport where she has been the guest of friends for the past week.

Miss Esther Erhart and Sidney Burdick returned home Saturday after an extended visit to Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle and other points.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Jernigan of Buffalo, who have been spending a fortnight with their mother, Mrs. H. W. Campbell, have returned home.

Mrs. Peter Connelly returned yesterday from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Wittick, at Brownsville, Pa. Mrs. Wittick accompanied her home.

Mrs. W. J. Lewis of Coudersport is visiting at the home of C. M. Colegrove. Tuesday Mrs. Lewis and Mr. and Mrs. Colegrove and family drove to Kane in Mrs. Lewis' automobile.

Mrs. Harry Valentine and grandson Mrs. W. J. Voorhies and daughter, Ruth were the guests of S. G. Bush last Thursday; they returned to their home in Olean last Saturday.

Samuel E. Bell and family returned home from an extended trip in their automobile to Reynoldsville, DuBois, Patton and other points. At Patton they attended the Bell family reunion which was largely attended. They were accompanied home by their niece, Miss Esther Bell of Reynoldsville.

Ruth Edna Voorhies, the well known singer, dancer and contortionist is spending a few days of her vacation with her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Bush of Bank street. Since she left here last March, she has been with the Herald Square Stock Company, she will take her vacation until September then will start out for her winter season.

Subscribe for the MINER

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

100

CHILDREN'S WASH SUITS

at

LESS THAN COST PRICE.

$1.00, 1.50 & 1.75 Suit for $1.00

$2.00, 2.50 & 3.00 Suit for $1.50

They are beautiful little Suits to sell at so small a price, but we rather lose a little and sell now than carry them over to next season. Also

1-2 PRICE SALE

on all

Men's Summer Pants.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

CLEARANCE SALE OF TAILORED SKIRTS.

Our complete stock of Ladies' and Little Woman's fine tailored Skirts go on sale this week at a reduction of one-fourth from regular prices.

This includes all of the late spring styles in Voiles, Panamas and Novelties in plain and fancy colors and all sizes from 22 to 30 inch waist and 37 to 44 inch length.

A finely tailored Skirt at the price of the material alone is a chance that you should not let go by, so be on hand Friday morning for the first pick.

Regular prices range from $3.75 to $17.50.

During the sale you may have your pick for $2.81 to $13.13.

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE CASH GROCERY

I have everything in the Grocery Line that you need and my prices are right. Give me a trial and be convinced.

I have just received a supply of nice Olives. We also handle Olives in the bulk, which are just the the thing to take when you go for an outing.

Now is the time that moths are working on your winter clothes. If you find this so try Hygeno. It is also good to keep away ants, and the best thing in market to keep flies off cattle. In fact, Hygeno can't be beat for a disinfectant and to keep away vermin.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

$1060 from Smethport

TO

Atlantic City,

CAPE MAY,

WILDWOOD, SEA ISLE CITY, or OCEAN CITY,

NEW JERSEY.

JULY 31, AUGUST 14, 26, 1908

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 4:03 P. M. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion, or within final limit returning, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager.

GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.

His Homecoming

By Cecily Allen.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Homer Sprague.

She was extremely fair to look upon. To Nat Gregory the realization of this fact was nothing new. But somehow just at this particular moment it was borne in upon him afresh and at a novel angle.

Her hair was blue black, so were her lashes, and her eyes were a wonderful blue, which, somehow, sometimes, turned to an equally wonderful violet.

The last time that Nat had looked into them his own had been full of stinging unshed tears. How could he stand six months in Panama with the light of those blue (or were they violet) eyes denied him?

But her notes had been so brief and unsatisfactory that even in hot, lazy Panama he had caught himself reading between the lines and finding there a selfish soul, the small narrow soul of the girl given to personal conquests, the soul steeped in admiration and fed on compliments.

She was smiling at him now across the car's broad aisle and above a great "granny" muff of gray squirrel. That huge mass of fur made her face look all the more piquant and dainty.

Occasionally the man on the right intercepted the friendly glances which Peggy Barton shot at the newly returned Gregory, and he glowered. Nat Gregory knew just how the chap felt. He had intercepted the same sort of glances, and they had made him squirm too.

She simulated a tiny cough and instantly raised the muff again. The cough was a good excuse for a fetching pose, but somehow the absurd little deception annoyed Nat Gregory. It is so sometimes with men who have had their minds and souls opened and broadened by travel and contact with men of affairs.

So he let his glance wander to the girl next to Peggy. She smiled at the returned traveler, too, but it was a different sort of smile, a wholesome, friendly smile, without any suggestion of sweet slip behind it. Peggy Barton always assumed that slip with men—her sister Janet, never.

For, you see, Janet was the ugly duckling of the Barton family, famous for its pretty daughters and the good matches they made. Janet was the youngest, and she hadn't had her coming considered seriously because Peggy had been so brilliantly unsatisfactorily beautiful by contrast.

There were three perpetually wetnosed and young men without prospects, who said that Peggy Barton always discouraged her younger and less attractive sister around with her as a foil.

Something of this was passing through Nat Gregory's head as he sat watching the little comedy. The other chap would be furious if Nat crossed the aisle and talked with Peggy, and Peggy would be furious if he did not. So he would strike a happy medium. He would join the party and talk to Janet.

How well he could remember their many trips together—Peggy, Janet and himself—to the links, where he and Peggy played golf and Janet sat on the verandah or disappeared in the woods where wild flowers were thick to the matinee, where between the acts he and Peggy discussed the love interest of the play—as if it were a personal matter, while Janet read the advertisements in the programme; to the rink, where he and Peggy skated together and Janet found some girl friend as a skating partner or sat against the wall making humorous mental comment on the circling tide before her.

What a jolly little beggar Janet had been in those days! If she had been bored she had never shown it, and—He was standing before the trio now.

The man, Fred Marsden, had been duly introduced. Peggy had turned the full battery of her wonderful eyes without the aid of the "granny" muff upon Gregory's tanned and clean cut face, and Janet had murmured something about "old times."

"I haven't skated—why, it is nearly a year since I've been on ice," he was saying to Janet. "I've a good mind to get admittance to this party and give you all a chance to laugh at my awkwardness. Do you think I could rent a decent pair of skates at the rink?"

Marsden was politely but not effusively reassuring. Peggy was mischievously pleased to pit the rivals on skates, and Janet just murmured, "Do come."

"I wonder how it will feel to the little girl if she has a real partner all afternoon," thought Gregory as he locked his skates. Before he and Janet had circled the rink a dozen times he realized that she was a splendid little person on the ice and a most appreciative listener, never giving thought to the tricksy steel beneath her trim boots.

No, she was not "out" yet. Next winter perhaps she might come out at a tea. She was still the little sister of the reigning beauty. And didn't he think Peggy handsomer than ever? He did, and he said so, with a heartiness and a lack of tenderness that a more experienced girl than Janet would have interpreted correctly.

They lingered so late that the rush of home going tollers caught them in its swirl on the return trip. When they reached Gregory's corner, Janet mechanically extended her hand.

"Indeed, I'm not going to leave you in this crush. I know I'm a self invited member of this quartet, but Marsden has his hands full to steer Peggy through the crush. You'll need me."

Janet flushed and dimpled. Nat almost gasped. He had never seen a dimple in her chin before, but then Janet had never laughed up into his eyes in just that way.

"I'm coming up to call tomorrow night if I may," said Gregory as they drew near the Barton home.

"You'd better ask Peggy if she'll be home," said Janet soberly. "I think there's a dance on at the St. Andrew tomorrow evening."

"But you said you were not 'out' yet. You can't go to a St. Andrew dance," he said, with a fine assumption of elder brotherliness.

"Oh!" said Janet. And again the dimple cleft her chin.

"Fred Marsden is so tiresome," said Peggy as she permitted Janet to unlace her boots and spread out her dinner frock. "He seemed to think that Nat Gregory had no right to skate with me. And we were old friends before Fred moved here. Nat has improved, too, don't you think so?"

Janet bent down to plait a chiffon flounce that had not come unplaited.

"Oh, I can't see that he has changed any," she fibbed, her face now as rosy as the pink chiffon.

At that particular moment Nat Gregory was sitting before the grate fire in his room, fingering a parcel of letters tied with deep violet ribbons. Then he laughed—a short, chuckling, eloquent laugh—and laid the letters, ribbon and all, on the glowing coals.

"It was just when she peeped at me above that silly big muff! Of course I never really cared for her, but somehow I knew it was all up when she gave me that look to make the other fellow squirm. Heavens, how I used to squirm, too! Now, Janet wouldn't make a man squirm. And where in time do you suppose she had been hiding that dimple? By Jove, come to think of it, I never looked to see whether she had a dimple or not in the old days."

For a few minutes he sat very quietly watching the mass of letters turn from flame color to yellowish pink and to pinkish gray. Then, whistling, he went down to the library, closed the door and picked up the desk telephone.

"Is Janet in? Yes, Miss Janet Barton. All right. Hello, Janet, is this you? This is Nat—Nat Gregory. Oh, I just happened to think that you did not answer my question. Are you going to the St. Andrew dance tomorrow night? No, you did not answer my question. All right, then, I'm coming, about 8:30. Nonsense! I used to call me—er other girls before they came out. All right—goodby. Oh, wait a minute. Say, I want to know—would you mind telling me—did you always have a dimple in your chin? No, really, I never did—goodby."

He hung up the receiver, crossed to the mantel and by the aid of the convex bronze cupid set his tie. Apparently this was done unconsciously, for what he said very gently to the tanned cheek on the bronze cupid was:

"Funny how some girls can say, of course, and make it sound like something ever so much better. Funny—no, just great!" And then he settled back in the most comfortable chair in the room and sighed contentedly. This was better than squirming, decidedly better.

Half a Loaf.

The negro's love of titles of whatever sort is amusingly illustrated by a story told by the governor of a southern state.

It appears that the congregation of a colored church in Georgia conceived the notion that it would add greatly to their dignity if the pastor of the church were enabled to add the initials D. D. to his name. A member, hearing of an institution in the north which would, for value received, confer such a degree, entered into correspondence with that institution. Reply came to the effect that the sum of $75 would obtain the desired dignity.

A difficulty arose, however, in that the congregation were unable to raise more than $30. Finally, after much confabulation, the congregation delegated one of their number to see the thing out. The following message was sent to the institution mentioned:

"Kindly forward our pastor one D., we being unable to afford the other at this time."—Harper's Weekly.

"Pelorus Jack."

Near the mouth of Pelorus sound on the Nelson side of Cook strait, the home of a remarkable sea animal known throughout New Zealand as "Pelorus Jack." He is gray in color, about fourteen feet in length, and his pastime is to wait for coastal steamers and to escort them for several miles on their journey. As a boat approaches "Jack" may be seen heading toward her to take up his accustomed position beside or in front of the bow of the vessel. There, sometimes for twenty minutes, he hovers round, rushing so quickly from side to side that the eye can scarcely follow his movements. When he considers he has gone far enough, with a last sudden plunge he dives once and for the last time, disappearing in a whirl of foam, to be seen no more that trip.—Sydney News.

Kilts as Targets.

Admiral Lambton at a certain highland society dinner told the following tale: When the Gordon highlanders were in Ladysmith the order came that officers were not to wear their swords. This order was soon supplemented by another, by which all highland regiments were commanded to cover their kilts up, as it was thought that they served too well as targets for the enemy. Sir George White knew that such an order would not be popular. At last he thought of a way out of the difficulty. "Let them cover the fronts of the kilts up," he said. "The enemy will never see the other side."—London Opinion.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup recommended by mothers for young and old is prompt relief for coughs, colds, croup, horseness, whooping cough. Gently laxative and pleasant to take. Guaranteed. Should be kept in every household. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Selections

THE MATTERHORN.

Soon a Railroad Will Mount to the Top of the Great Peak.

In about four years' time, when you wish to climb the Matterhorn, instead of engaging a guide and waiting days for fair weather and then risking your neck in a breathless, glorious scramble over the glaciers and cliffs, you will simply cross a button and shout, "Going up!" The railway to the top of the mountain, which is to be completed at a cost of $1,250,000, will be the most interesting of the world's great elevators and will carry the "rocking chair climber" to those grand viewpoints which defied all mountaineers until the memorable ascent in 1865 by Mr. Whymper, Lord Douglas and their companions, which ended tragically. The road will pierce its way upward through tunnels in the living rock to a point within sixty feet of the summit, at an altitude of 14,780 feet, where a number of rooms will be cut. The announcement is made that the terminus will be provided with various novel contrivances, not the least of which will be a special chamber filled with compressed oxygen for tourists suffering from mountain sickness. It is needless to say that the true mountain climbers, whose pride and joy it is to conquer the mighty Alpine snow peaks, look upon this prospective intrusion of the railroad and hordes of "trippers" with ill disguised grief. It was bad enough, say they, to have Jungfrau desecrated, but the Matterhorn, that superb peak, pronounced by Ruskin to be the perfect mountain, should have been left alone. On the other hand, thousands of people for whom the climb would be a physical impossibility are fully capable of appreciating the glories of the outlook and the uplift that comes from standing on so renowned a summit. No one has an exclusive property in such a couple as the Matterhorn.—Boston Transcript.

The Radium Supply.

Mme. Curie possesses 15 milligrams of radium; Professor Ramsay, 20 mg.; Professor Dewar, 20 mg.; Sir William Crookes, 20; Professor Arrhenius, 20; and Thomas A. Edison, 20 milligrams. About twenty-eight grams are in the possession of scientific men. All this is in the form of a salt, or nearly pure radium bromide, the active element being present in the proportion of about two parts in a million.

Commercial low grade radium is distributed under a great many brands, and its strength is variously rated; hence exact statistics are not obtainable, but it is estimated that the entire amount of commercial radium contains less pure radium than the quantity in the possession of scientists, as stated above.

To these supplies must be added the comparatively enormous quantity of three grams of radium which Professors Exner and Wien have lately extracted from half a ton of Joachimstal pitchblende, the value of which is estimated at $80,000. One gram of this is to be sent to Sir William Ramsay for experiments on radium emanation.—Scientific American.

Rome as a Seaport.

Rome a seaport! This ideal which has been long under discussion is, according to a British consul's report, about to be realized. Several schemes have been brought forward, including one for a ship canal something like that which has opened Manchester to the sea. The royal commission appointed to study the question has, however, adopted the project proposed by the Italian board of works, which is to dredge the Tiber sufficiently to allow ordinary steamers to approach Rome from the river's mouth at Fiumicino, where important entrance works are to be undertaken. Thus the transfer of cargoes from steamer to rail at Civita Vecchia, fifty miles off, will be no longer necessary.

The Great Little Pin.

One hundred and thirty-three million gross of pins—nineteen billion pins! The census bureau is the authority for the statement that the output of pins in the United States for the year 1907 alone reached these stupendous figures. It is not strange that mankind has for many years wondered where all the pins go to. Nineteen billion pins supplies 225 pins for every man, woman and child in America. Nor is this all. These figures are for the common pin and do not include hairpins, safety pins nor the importation of an unstated quantity of pins from other countries.—Exchange.

London's One Horse Tram Car.

Bermondsey enjoys the distinction of possessing the last one horse tram car in London. It is a curiosity which should attract "rubber neck" sightseers. From Old Kent road to St. James' church, Bermondsey, this, the only car on the route, runs slowly backward and forward all day long, and the fare is only a halfpenny. It is a picturesque looking vehicle, low down on the ground and minus top seats.—London Tit-Bits.

Milton's Cottage.

In this year, the tercentenary of Milton's birth, it is interesting to note that the only one of the several houses in which he is known to have lived still exists. That is the little cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, where he resided for a time when the plague raged in London in 1665.—London Builder.

Novelty Restaurant. New York Counts, Clams, Cigars. THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

COUNTING THE STARS.

Use Made of the Microscope and of Photographic Plates.

The gigantic but fascinating task which J. Franklin-Adams, F. R. A. S., has undertaken of counting the myriad stars in the heavens and assigning to each its proper magnitude is one which demands the quality of almost infinite patience.

Mr. Franklin-Adams has already secured photographic plates covering the whole of the southern hemisphere, and these, with the series dealing with the northern hemisphere, will number more than 200. Each plate, which is fifteen inches square, records from 20,000 to 250,000 starry images, and on a rough calculation the total number of stars photographed will prove to be about 25,000,000.

The task of counting the stars on the plates has already been commenced, and that work, together with the cataloguing, will take another ten years. The method of counting the stars on the plates was explained by R. J. Mitchell, Mr. Franklin-Adams' chief assistant.

"First taking one of the plates," said Mr. Mitchell, "we move it across a graduated grating contained in the field of a high powered microscope. A horizontal strip in the grating is then examined, and the stars in this small area are then counted from left to right. Of course it is impossible to insure absolute accuracy, for there is the possibility that a star may be counted twice or missed altogether.

"Then there is the difficulty presented by mechanical specks on the plates, which may at first be taken for stars, but Mr. Franklin-Adams has a method by means of which all stars above the tenth magnitude can be differentiated from dust specks. Mr. Franklin-Adams and his assistants check one another in the counting, but there is always a slight difference in the totals, due, of course, to the personal equation as represented by the operator.

"Merely to count the stars on an average plate apart from noting their photographic magnitude occupies the time of two men for more than a fortnight if they work seven hours a day. In taking the plates Mr. Franklin-Adams used a triple achromatic lens working at F/4. By the northern hemisphere the minimum exposure was two hours twenty minutes and in the southern, with its clear atmosphere, ten hours."—London Mail.

An Ingenious Swindle.

A large number of chemists in Paris have just been the victims of an ingenious swindle, whose part in the affair they are loath to confess. According to the story told by the victims, a well dressed man entered a shop and asked for a certain quantity of a drug which was quite unknown to them, and a note was added to the effect that it was to be obtained only at a certain wholesale depot. The chemists almost to a man sent off to the depot for the special ingredient and paid 12 francs for a bottle of stuff. The prescriptions were duly made up, but were never claimed, and it now transpires that a couple of men had temporarily hired the depot and sold bottles of colored water to the unsuspecting chemists at 12 francs apiece. The Paris police are anxiously inquiring for them as well as for their confederates who visited the chemists' shops.

Barrels of Money.

As the dot of his bride, Grand Duchess Maria Paulowna of Russia, 3,000,000 rubles have been deposited to the credit of Prince Wilhelm of Sweden. The money was shipped from St. Petersburg in thirty-five barrels, each containing 100,000 rubles in gold. The Swedish royal mint will recast the gold into Swedish coins free of charge, and the young couple will then be enabled to establish their royal menage on a fitting scale. While this sum is a free gift of the bride to her husband, the grand duchess retains the income from her landed estates in Russia for her own pin money, and in addition to this the czar is having built at his own expense a castle for the royal "honeymooners" near the capital.—Argonaut.

Wonderful Surgery.

Among recent wonderful surgical operations is one of the most daring and unusual nature. An idiot six years old, the daughter of a resident of Berlin, has been converted into an intelligent being by the process of grafting part of the mother's thyroid gland upon the child's pancreas. In more popular language, this means that part of the mother's throat has been transferred by the grafting process to a gland, or tissue, lying directly at the back of the stomach. The operation was carried out by Dr. Carl Garre, a German surgeon, whose success in the transplanting of organs from one animal to another and even from the lower animals to human beings has attracted wide attention.

How Far We Are Behind.

Over 1,000 years ago Switzerland possessed a forest system and had developed a scientific forestry by the fifteenth century, says the American Magazine. As early as Louis XIV. France awoke to the fact that her forests and her life were draining away together. But it was too late. Today she is spending $24 an acre to reforest her watersheds. The same experience is costing Italy $20 an acre.

Ambrose Channel.

Ambrose channel, leading from New York bay into deep sea water, is the most important waterway to the city. Since its improvement was started, about seven years ago, more than $8,000,000 has been spent on it, and an equal sum will be required before the work that is planned will be completed, about four years from now.—New York Herald.

ON A MAN-OF-WAR.

Hints to Landlubbers Who Want to Do the Proper Thing.

As you pass over the ship's side and step aboard, if you are a man touch your hat in salute to the flag. The officer of the deck, who represents the majesty of the nation while he is on watch, will return this salute.

Don't say "downstairs" or "upstairs." There are no stairs on board ship—only ladders. Say "below" or "on deck."

Looking forward—that is, toward the bow—the right hand is "starboard," the left hand "port." Everything on board ship is starboard or port, except with reference to a gun, where "right" and "left" are used as on shore, the gun being movable.

Keep clear of the starboard side of the quarter deck. The quarter deck is the after or rear end of the upper deck. Its starboard side is sacred territory, to be used by the admiral, the captain, the officer of the deck, other officers and men when there on duty and official visitors.

Never peep into the officers' private quarters. They are no more to be entered into than any private citizen's bedroom. They can be entered only upon invitation.

Keep your hands off the bright brass work, the polished guns and the clean paint work. Remember that jack tar has to put in hard labor every day keeping these clean. Do not increase his work.

Do not expectorate on the decks. This warning is unnecessary to gentlemen, who do not expectorate in public anywhere.

Never dream of tipping a man who shows you about the ship. He is sufficiently rewarded by the entertainment he gives you. Men-of-war's men are not servants, and they resent a tip. The navy has pride.

Never take a lady up or down an "undressed" ladder. It is immodest for the lady. "Dressed" ladders have rings or canvas spread beneath them. "Undressed" ladders have no such screens.

Upon leaving the ship salute the flag as upon coming aboard.—San Francisco News Letter.

MEDALS FOR BRAVERY.

Decorations That May Be Bestowed by Uncle Sam.

Uncle Sam is not averse to bestowing decorations, says the Philadelphia Press. While the constitution prohibits government officials from accepting orders from foreign governments, the president has the power to award insignia, which mean considerably more than most of the stars, garters, etc., of the old world. These are medals for bravery.

Besides the medals for conspicuous bravery in battle and the decorations for bravery on the water, the chief executive can honor men and women who display heroism on the railroad lines of the country.

Award of the decorations is made by the chief executive on recommendation from the interstate commerce commission. Applications must be accompanied by affidavits from eyewitnesses of the heroic deeds, and they must be approved by a committee of five of the commissioners.

A bronze medal and a button of gold and enamel are the insignia given.

The medal is about as big as a silver dollar. On one side, the obverse, there is a figure of a man upon a railway track, with one knee upon a rock which blocks an approaching train. He is warning the trainmen by means of a brand.

On the reverse side is a laurel wreath, symbolical of heroism. The inscription, "The United States Medal For Life Saving on Railroads," appears near the medal's rim, and within the wreath is the following: "For Bravery Awarded to ——."

Japanese Compositors.

Japanese "typos" have their troubles. K. Sugimura, literary editor of the Tokyo Asahi Shimbun, says that he especially admires the linotype typesetting machines. "Unfortunately we are unable to use them in Japan, for our language has forty-seven letters, as well as over 3,000 Chinese characters, and such a number of types is, of course, beyond the capabilities of any machine yet invented. In the printing office of our newspaper in Tokyo the compositor must often walk the whole length of the room to fetch one character, instead of standing in one place before a single case, as the English or American compositor can do."

Even In Bedlam.

The manager of the insane asylum frowned.

"What is that woman in cell 77 howling and shrieking about?" he asked impatiently.

"She objects to her straitjacket, sir," the keeper answered.

"Wants it taken off, eh? Well she can't"—

"No, it isn't that, sir," the keeper interrupted. "She wants it changed for one with the fashionable sleeves that have just come in."

The Retailer.

"What business is Miss Gaddie in?"

"Oh, she's in everybody's business."

"Wholesale, eh?"

"Yes; except when it comes to a bit of scandal. She retails that."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Sufficient Reason.

Brooke—Gunson always calls a spade a spade.

Lynn—That's because he lacks synonyms.—Bohemian Magazine.

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Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz
Auditor General—Robert R. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnamahoning.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. Sullivan, Smethport; E. P. Fitzgerald, Bradford.
District Attorney—Leon D. Hayes, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mingle, Smethport.
Prothonotary—C. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Lindwood, Bradford.
County Commissioners—Geo. Grimths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—L. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Busse.
Justice—R. C. Gleason.
Constable—L. L. Keyes.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Reeden, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—C. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANDFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
BURDETTE S. BAYLE, N. G.
W. G. HOLDEN, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. H. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PIERCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. B. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall every afternoon.
EXPLANATORY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday in the M. E. Church.
MRS. E. A. SHERMAN, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHARDSON, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 33, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. C. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JENNIE EBERSBACHER, Secretary.

Pleiades Chapter, No. 16, O. E. S.—Second and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOONEY, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday, Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABNEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m. Preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3:00 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—I. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at a private. All are invited.

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"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer Smethport, Pa.

The Short Cut.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

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When Marjorie opened her sewing room window to let in the brisk morning breeze the picture she made in her white dress, framed by the climbing vines, was refreshing enough to make any passer by look up a second time. One did, though Marjorie was quite unaware of the fact.

Her thoughts were as far away as the shadowy mountains beyond which she had lived her old and happier life. For several years now Marjorie's world had been on this side of the hills, so she sighed, sat down by the open window and began sewing interminable yards of lace on strips of fine muslin. The stitches were microscopic, as befitted the trousseau of a "daughter of the rich."

Half an hour later a whistle as spontaneous as a bird's trill made her jump up and again look out of the window.

In the young man swinging down the road Marjorie recognized one of the summer guests. He opened the gate and came down the path toward her window.

In her haste to escape being caught in the very act of provincial curiosity Marjorie dropped her thimble. It struck a stone on the edge of the walk and, with a metallic ring, bounded off into the garden. The young man rescued it most gallantly.

"It isn't every day a young man finds

"DON'T YOU LOVE ME? DON'T YOU WANT TO BE MY WIFE?"

thimbles growing in a garden," he said, significantly dropping the silver trifle into her hand.

Now, Marjorie understood perfectly well his reference to Peter Pan's calling kisses thimbles, but she feigned ignorance. Diverting as such audacity might be, she must not encourage it, wherefore she said "Thank you" with austere courtesy.

"You are Miss Marjorie Phillips, are you not?" asked the unperturbed young man. "I started out very early this morning to find you."

Marjorie glanced at the thimble, which unconsciously she had slipped on its proper finger.

"There's no denying the evidence, she said, with a pensive little smile which went straight into the young man's heart.

"I have a message for you, Miss Phillips, from my cousin, or, rather," he corrected, smiling up at her, "a request to make. Julia—Miss Robbins—has a friend visiting her and wants to know at what time she may bring her down this afternoon, to see the things you are making. There; I think I got that right. Does it sound rational?"

"Quite intelligent," laughed Marjorie. "Please tell Miss Robbins that the exhibit will be ready any time after 2, which means"—

"Oh, I know," broke in the loquacious message bearer. "It means that I mustn't bother you any longer." Then he added mischievously: "I came by here an hour ago on my way to the postoffice, but was too scared to come in. It was lucky you dropped the thimble just when you"—

But at the word "thimble" Marjorie took flight.

"Well," called Julia Robbins as Overton ascended the steps of the luxurious [illegible] porch, "did you deliver [illegible] to the village sewing [illegible]"

Replying Overton lit a cigarette with exasperating deliberation.

He answered at length. "I [illegible] message to Miss Phillips. [illegible] you and Miss Morton [illegible] any time after 2."

"Very wordy!" exclaimed the assistant [illegible] "We may come," and Miss [illegible]

"[illegible] Phillips," returned Overton [illegible] I think it's an outrage to [illegible] like that to [illegible] for another all [illegible] picnic and call."

"Shame on those [illegible] Catherine [illegible] her beaded Scotchs. Would you have me sewing [illegible] dear cousin?"

"Well, perhaps I [illegible] busy, Julia," admitted Overton, [illegible]ly. "Forgive me and tell me what you know about this little Miss Phillips."

"Nothing romantic, Garret, I assure you. Her family used to come here summers, I believe. And after her father died a bookkeeper there took in sewing for the summer folks. Does that fire your young imagination?"

"And she supports herself and her mother?" inquired Garret, with cutting directness.

"Why, I suppose so," answered Julia laughingly.

Whereupon, with a careless "Well, goodby; I'm off for a day's fishing," Overton sauntered away with little comprehension of the feminine consternation he was leaving behind him.

Julia was the first to recover.

"Don't you care, Catherine," she said defiantly. "We'll nip that little romance in the bud."

Several days later, upon catching sight of Marjorie at the window, Overton swung open the little cottage gate and called out cheerily, "Lost any more thimbles, Miss Phillips?"

Marjorie, her color mounting high, pretended not to hear and continued sewing with nervous haste.

"You have another message from Miss Robbins?" she asked politely.

"Not on your life!" was the unexpected reply. "I came on my own account this time, Miss Phillips. I want to ask you some questions."

"I'm very busy, Mr. Overton."

Garret noted the knowledge of his name. He remembered that he had not mentioned it at their first interview. So she had been making inquiries about him! She was more interested than she appeared.

"Do all girls think these frippery things a necessary matrimonial asset?" he asked, indicating with a nod the piles of showy thin stuff on the chairs about her.

"Your cousin and Miss Morton are not exceptions, I think."

As she mentioned the girl's name Marjorie watched Overton's face closely, but there was no betrayal of any personal interest.

"Do you make a specialty of trousseaux?" was his next question.

"It looks as though I should have to," Marjorie answered. "As soon as I have finished your cousin's there will be one to make for Miss Morton, I understand."

Plainly Miss Overton's surprised exclamation, "Who, Dr. ——, may I ask?" was not to be taken [illegible]

Marjorie [illegible] while Overton [illegible] for one sunny morning Overton, [illegible] to [illegible] flowers to the wind.

"Little Miss Marjorie," he said pleadingly, "do you suppose I could persuade you to make a trousseau for—for my wife to be?"

The color flashed rebelliously into Marjorie's cheeks, and tears gathered in her eyes. One darling little [illegible] slipper over her lashes and fell upon Garret's hand.

"Why, what is this, dearest? You're not crying? Don't you love me? Don't you want to be my wife? I thought"—

For answer the tired girl dropped her head on his hands, which still held hers, and sobbed softly.

[illegible] Overton [illegible]

"Marjorie," he said lovingly, looking at the little one.

Very slyly Marjorie lifted her pretty, troubled head, then drew away from the window with frightened haste.

"They are watching us," she whispered from behind the curtains, "your cousin and her friend."

"I'm glad of it," Garret replied with a laugh. "Do you think if I should come back tonight, sweetheart, that we could find any—thimbles—in the garden?"

"It will be pretty dark," she answered softly, "but—I'll help you."

Origin of the Cravat.

While every man wears a cravat, there is probably not one in a thousand who could in an offhand way tell you how it came about that men first placed such an ornament about their collars. The word cravat came into our language about 1656. Prior to that year a feature of the uniform of the Austrian cavalry was a wide band of coarse linen worn in folds around the neck under their short hussar jackets. This cavalry organization was called the Cravattes, its members being styled the Cravattes. Later in the seventeenth century France recruited a regiment of cavalry, adopting for it the uniform of the Austrian regiment recruited in Croatia, calling it the Royal Cravattes. Later in England the word cravat was applied to a neckerchief. After the battle of Steenkerke, in Flanders, in 1692, an English officer brought home the steinkirk, a long flowing neckscarf. The neckwear today is clearly traceable to the steinkirk and the [illegible] it underwent. Sartorial Art Journal.

A Proper Pride.

Farmer Corntossel [illegible] their ornary [illegible] helped me with the [illegible] I give him $18 or [illegible] Well, he's got [illegible] pitched [illegible] on the [illegible] mow on the second [illegible] The City Boarder. Well, well. It [illegible]

Farmer Corntossel. Sartly. I'm proud [illegible] I've got a [illegible] that can [illegible] He [illegible] know as [illegible] he [illegible] Chicago Daily Drake.

AN OLD TIME BREAKFAST.

What One Visitor Was Treated to at Washington's Home.

The diary of Manasse Cutler, the founder of Ohio and the author of the ordinance of 1787, gives an account of a visit he made to Mount Vernon two years after General Washington's death. Mrs. "General" Washington, for that was the way Mrs. Washington was pleased to call her—a copy for all those good women whose husbands have won them honor on the field of war.

Mr. Cutler says it was the desire of their party to arrive at Mount Vernon in time for breakfast (7 o'clock) with Mrs. Washington, but the bad roads and worse horses detained them, so they did not reach there until about 10, which Mrs. Washington regretted, but she said, "Breakfast would be ready in a few minutes." The diary goes on to say:

"In a short time she arose and desired us to walk into another room, where a table was elegantly spread with ham, cold corned beef, cold fowl, red herring and cold mutton, the dishes ornamented with sprigs of parsley and other vegetables from the garden. At the head of the table was the tea and coffee equipage, where she seated herself and sent the tea and coffee to the company."

The point of interest is that breakfast menu—five kinds of meat decked with sprigs of parsley and accompanied with divers vegetables. Isn't there an appetizing array and doesn't the heart long for just such a scene? Of course the mere feeders, the fellows that hanker for hot things, may not think so, but the very mention of cold ham, cold chicken, cold mutton and cold corned beef all in the same breath is an appeal to a conscientious appetite that is unresisting. And that was a breakfast of the long ago.

Most generous providers, these, well to do people in the early days! How good everything must have tasted! That roast chicken and roast mutton and that great tender cheek chunks of it, that he would not dare say what it was but, for each was best. Compare it with our latter day breakfasts—a roll and an egg and a cup of coffee! Of course we like our way, but that is possibly because these are degenerate days.—Ohio State Journal.

HE WAS SCARED.

Why the Drummer Made Record Time Out of Pittsburg.

"I am not a man to brag," said the Cincinnati drummer, "but I feel that I can honestly say that I was interrupted deeper but one time in my life, and that happened a year ago.

"I was in a certain way to make up his statements with particulars, he continued:

"I was at a hotel in Pittsburg. I had a room on the third floor, and in coming out of it on an occasion I bumped against a man who was passing. I was feeling in ugly mood that day and when the lamp came I shot off my mouth at the stranger. He replied in kind, and I suddenly shot out my left and caught him on the point of the chin and dropped him like a log.

"And you thought you had killed him?"

"No. He lay there and stared like a sea, and I went downstairs and told the clerk he had better see to him. Three minutes later I had twenty different men around me begging me to fly for my life."

"What for?"

"Because I had knocked out a middleweight prize fighter who had won over [illegible] when they told me who the chap was my knees gave under me, my mouth got dry as cotton and I didn't stop for my grip. I was dusting across the river within ten minutes, and I didn't feel safe for the next three days. Lordy, but think of it—a dry goods drummer who had never had a glove on knocking out a champion middleweight! Did I run? Well, I made record time, all right!"—Chicago News.

A Little Mrs. Malaprop.

Bessie Green, a tot of seven, likes to use unusual words. In this she is a constant source of amusement to her relatives, with whom she frequently corresponds. On one occasion, while confined to the hospital, she received this note from her aunt:

I am delighted to hear that the crisis is past and that you are now convalescent. Yours, with affection, AUNTIE.

A few days later the aunt received a brief reply.

Dear Auntie—I have been very ill, but the nurse says she is delightful to, tell you that I am now convulsive. Yours, with infection, BESSIE.

—Lippincott's.

His Part.

Moggs was returning to the clubhouse when Wilson met him.

"Well, how did you get on today?" queried Wilson.

"I never saw better golf," said Moggs. "My opponent got away every drive, he hit every brassie clean, he approached up to the hole perfectly, and he never missed a putt."

"How much were you beaten by?"

"Beaten! I wasn't beaten. I won!"—Pearson's Weekly.

His Corporations.

Weary Walker—Wot do youse t'ink uv me corporations, Tatters? Tired, Tatters—Wot corporations? Weary Walker—Me shoes. I call them corporations because dey ain't got no soles.—Pathfinder.

Hope Still.

"I can safely say that no man ever attempted to bribe me, gentlemen."

Voice In the Crowd—Don't be downhearted, old chap; your luck may change.—London Tit-Bits.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS, Miner office, Binghtport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

When March Winds Blew.

By Virginia Blair.

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"Whew-w-w-ew!" went the March wind, shrieking around corners, roaring across the open spaces and whirling the dust and debris in the middle of the street into a mad dance.

Down the block from opposite directions came a girl and a man. The girl was all in brown—trim walking skirt, sable furs, fur shoes, a smart toque and a chiffon veil, the ends of which were whipped this way and that as she made her way against the wind.

The man, with his back to the cutting blasts, walked rapidly, and just as the girl was within a few steps of him the mad March wind blew so hard and so strong that she stopped and turned her back to it.

And so sudden was her action that the young man did not have time to get out of the way.

The girl gave a little shriek in the moment of collision. He put out his hand to steady her.

"Oh, you needn't mind," he told her. "It's only me."

She was pink with blushes, but she said haughtily, "I do mind."

"Of course," he agreed gloomily. "I'd like to wipe myself off the face of the earth if it would do you any good."

"You might at least avoid this block," she told him.

He looked about him.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I suppose it is the effect of long habit that makes me drift this way."

"Habits may be broken."

"Not the habit of love," he said, almost fiercely. Then his voice took on a tender note. "Catherine," he said, "can't you change your mind and marry me?"

"I think," she said very clearly, "that I'd as lief be mad as the March wind as mad as a March hare."

"And why?" he asked. "Because I love you?"

"Because you propose to me or such nonsense. Come and let's go," she cried.

[illegible] Miss Rich [illegible] Christmas when I was [illegible]

[illegible] Catherine [illegible] Then [illegible] Miss Rich [illegible] Quite [illegible] Catherine [illegible] "Well, [illegible] But you must [illegible] don't I first told you that [illegible] look [illegible] away [illegible] lodge and asked if I might speak to your father. "You didn't say 'No' and you wouldn't say 'Yes.' And when I asked you again at the orchestra [illegible] lion you still got me [illegible] and then you wrote me the next day that I was not to visit you again. I couldn't believe that you meant it. I can't believe it now."

He laughed bitterly and went on: "But if I have lost your respect it is hopeless. I shall never again ask you to marry me, Catherine."

"Never?" she faltered.

"Never," he repeated, and for a moment he stood looking down at her; then, with a gesture of despair, he went on his way.

She stared after him and, started to call, hesitated and went slowly up the steps of the great house before which they had stopped.

"Of course I am glad to be rid of him," she said a half hour later when in pink dressing gown and slippers she talked with Aunt Kitty, who always understood.

Aunt Kitty was a woman of the world. Brilliant and glowing, she had stopped in on her way to some afternoon function.

"Why are you glad?" Aunt Kitty demanded. "He's a fine fellow."

Catherine's lips were trembling.

"Oh, Aunt Kitty?" she said. "I thought he was, but I have found him out."

"Goodness," asked Aunt Kitty, "what has he done?"

"There is another girl," Catherine said slowly.

"Hum!" said Aunt Kitty. "How did you find it out?"

"It was the other day after the cotillion," Catherine explained. "He had told me how he cared for me, and I—I was really beginning to care, too, and I thought it would be nice to surprise him. And I knew he always lunched at Marfield's—and—and I thought I'd go down and have lunch with him—and tell him"—

"Well, of all things," ejaculated Aunt Kitty; "in those days of chaperons!"

"So I went," Catherine proceeded, "and all the way downtown I thought how glad he would be, and how I would pour his coffee and let him order the things he liked, and how in after years we would go there and eat lunch on the anniversary"—

"Of course," Aunt Kitty sympathized.

"And as I went up in the elevator I was so happy that people stared, but I didn't care. And when I reached the sixth floor I got off and went into the grill room and started for the table by the window, where I knew he always sat—and then"—

"Was he there?" was Aunt Kitty's eager question.

"Yes, he was there. But there was another girl with him. And he was all devotion, and she was all blushes and smiles. And while they were waiting for their order he went out and came back with a bunch of violets and lilies of the valley, and he pressed her hand when he gave them to her."

"Oh, my goodness," said Aunt Kitty, "and how did you manage to see all that, child?"

"There was a little table by the fountain," Catherine explained, "and I could see him through the screen of palms, but he couldn't see me"—And then she broke down and sobbed wildly, with her head in Aunt Kitty's lap.

"Poor little girlie," said Aunt Kitty softly. There was silence for a moment, and then all at once Aunt Kitty laughed in a perfect ripple of gayety.

Catherine looked up at her in amazement. "Why, what's the matter?" she stammered.

"Oh, girlie," said Aunt Kitty, "did you say it was the day after the cotillion?"

"Yes," said Catherine.

"What kind of hats did the girl have?"

"Wavy yellow, with little curls around her face. She was really beautiful," Catherine admitted grudgingly.

"Did she have on a gray tailor made with a hat trimmed with violets and black gauntlet gloves?" questioned the older woman rapidly.

"Yes," Catherine nodded, "but"—

"Oh, goosie, goosie," said Aunt Kitty. "It was his sister. She's married, and she was stopping at the Annex, and I called on her that morning just as she was going out to meet him."

"But," began Catherine, "why didn't he tell me?"

"Did you ever give him a chance to explain?" asked Aunt Kitty. "Or did you just send him away?"

"I refused to tell him what was the matter," admitted her niece.

"Well, now it's all right, and you can live happy ever after."

"It can never be right now," said Catherine miserably, and she told of their meeting that morning.

Aunt Kitty listened and debated, and finally she said, "Suppose we go to Marfield's for lunch?"

Catherine stood up. "Oh, do you really think we would find him?" she quivered.

"Well," said wise Aunt Kitty, "I think we might. He may not be eating much, but habit will make him."

And when they came to the sixth floor of the big store they saw at the table at the far end of the grill room a young man who stared blankly out of the window, where the March winds whistled and sang over the roofs.

"He's there, Aunt Kitty," said Catherine breathlessly.

"Then I will leave you," said Aunt Kitty. "For once I'll change you in a dress[illegible]

[illegible] at the far table had [illegible] her [illegible] as the [illegible] said, "May I [illegible] Quite [illegible] Catherine [illegible] "Well, [illegible] Perhaps [illegible] But you must [illegible] don't I first told you that [illegible] look [illegible] away [illegible]

[illegible] Catherine [illegible] He had [illegible] out her change. I hope you will [illegible] weeps, doing the things that must be done because of curious eyes, but still in a dream.

"Because when we are married I think it would be—nice—to come here, don't you?" stammered the timid voice, and now the vision was rosy with blushes.

And, after that the March winds howled and tore over the roof unheeded by the two happy people who had that morning been buffeted by its ernest blasts.

Cork and Common Sense.

A wise woman sat watching her daughter's efforts to remove a cork from a glass stopper from a bottle of [illegible] Seeing that the cork was about to break, she quietly took the matter into her own hands and, with a gentle touch or two, soon had the bottle ready for use.

"You did not know the law of corks," she said, smiling at the girl's astonishment. "Do you now realize that when a cork is put into a bottle the fingers twist in the same direction as a screw is turned and at the same time push it home? This causes the fibers of the part of the cork in the bottle neck to twist and contract and squeeze themselves spirally into a smaller space. When the cork must come out, to turn it in the opposite direction untwists and expands it and makes it hard to move. If you would be successful. Just turn the cork in exactly the same direction as you did at first. This contracts it still farther, and it is then an easy matter to lift it out. If the cork should be held by any sticky mixture, it can easily be loosened by plunging the bottle head first in hot water. This melts the gluelike substance, and a little gentle fingering will set the cork free, to be turned as described."

An Important Person.

There are not a few men who fancy that because they are persons of wealth and consequence in a community they are exempt from the duties and liabilities of the ordinary citizen. A man of this sort was drawn to serve upon a jury and did not appear when his name was called in court. The court ordered that he be fined £5.

About half an hour afterward the man appeared in the courtroom to answer tardily to his name.

"You have been fined £5 for non attendance," said the judge.

"But I had a very important business engagement," said the man.

"Did you suppose that an engagement would excuse you for not answering the summons of the court?" asked the judge, rather snarily.

The juror, who was a pompous man with an important air, began to grow indignant at being so addressed.

"I would have your honor understand," he exclaimed, "that I am one of the most prominent business men in this community!"

"Oh! In that case," said the judge quietly, "you will be able to stand a larger fine. Mr. Clerk, you will increase this gentleman's fine for non attendance to £10!"—Pearson's Weekly.

PLAYING A TROMBONE

A Rather Easy Matter, the Musician Seemed to Think.

SUCH A SIMPLE INSTRUMENT.

But Somehow or Another the Explanation Only Muddled the Man Who Wanted to Learn and Who Decided to Tackle an Accordion.

The band was playing loudly in the Trinkfestbiergarten and the little bald-headed man had his eyes fastened interestedly on the trombone player. When the players stopped to recuperate he beckoned the man who works the loose horn over to his table and ordered two glasses of schoenestrunc.

"My name is Biggs," said the man whose hair was absent. "One of my lungs is trying to quit work, and the doctor advises me to break up its shiftless habits by blowing a brass. The careless way you yank that pump horn looks good, and I want you to put me on."

"What do you want to know?" asked the musician.

"Just a hint about how you handle that wind machine so nonchalantly."

"The trombone is very simple," replied the musiker, wiping his lips, which curled in thick, red volutes. "The slide is divided into seven shifts, or positions, about three inches apart.

"Starting with the lowest note in the first position—the slide closed—you get B flat. Push out the tubes and you hit successively A, A flat, G, F sharp, F and E.

"That's only seven notes," objected Biggs.

"Yes. Getting the rest depends on how you pucker your lips. In the first position you can make, figuring upward, B flat, F, B flat, D, F, B flat and C. In the second you obtain A, E, A, C sharp, E, G sharp, A. The third gives you A flat, E flat, A flat, C, B flat and [illegible] the same all the way [illegible]

[illegible] that I didn't [illegible] want to mon[illegible] player has [illegible] octaves."

[illegible] You start in [illegible] But is [illegible] the [illegible] the first [illegible] [illegible] It's one [illegible] together?"

"In the second the musician [illegible] trombone is a B flat horn. In the [illegible] it's a C horn."

Biggs mopped his brow.

"Say that again, will you?" he appealed.

"Don't you see?" came the answer. "When the first position is C it's a B flat horn. When the same shift is B flat it's a C horn."

Biggs unbuttoned his coat.

"You may call this thing simple," he said, "but if it is I'll give myself up at the nearest asylum. You are talking antonyms."

The musician grinned.

"We'll take one thing at a time," he said. "In getting at what a B flat horn is let's consider a cornet."

"Lordy, if it's simpler," said Biggs hopefully.

"It's because it's always a B flat horn," replied the other. Then he added, "Except when it's an A horn."

Biggs gave a sickly smile.

"The lowest note on a cornet when open, when the keys are pressed down [illegible] is really B flat," said the bandsman.

"But it is called C."

"That doesn't make it C," said Biggs.

"For all practical purposes it does," was the reply. "There is a reason for doing this, but it's complicated and at present I'm keeping to simple facts."

"Yes, indeed," murmured Biggs.

"In an orchestra, for instance, when the first violins are playing in C natural the cornetist's score is two semitones higher and is thus written in D or two sharps. When the violins are playing in D the cornet player is tooting in E or four sharps. But if things kept on this way, the cornetist would soon be lost in a confusion of sharps and double sharps, so he slips an A crook on his instrument. That raises the signature three semitones. When the fiddles play in A or three sharps the cornetist is blowing along the easy path of C natural."

"Look here," said Biggs, "if my wife is playing 'Under the Pink Lilac Bush' on the piano, couldn't I play with her from the song score?"

"Not unless you can mentally transpose as you go along," said the musician. "The system looks queer at first, but it's logical. Its purpose is to bring the same music within the natural compass of all the instruments of a band or an orchestra. But if you are going to play the trombone you won't have to bother your head about any of this, as trombone music is nowadays always written in the bass clef."

"Then what have you been talking about it for and mixing me up?" shouted Biggs, jumping up.

"What are you getting mad about?" asked the tromboniste.

"I'm not mad," replied Biggs. "I'm only going to make my will and buy an accordion."—Washington Post.

No Longer a Secret.

"So that great inventor is dead and his wonderful secret is lost"—

"Not at all. He told it to his wife just before he died."

"Yes; that's what I mean."—Philadelphia Press.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith

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Standing The Test.

By W. F. Bryan.

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Excitment was at white heat in the convention town. The ring was in the last ditch, fighting gamely. Robert Woodham, who had led many another forlorn hope and who had grown gray in the service of his party (as he had understood that service), shook his head as he went over the columns of figures in the inner office at the temporary headquarters.

Try as he would he could not figure a victory. The two-thirds rule prevailed and he could count barely a majority for the ring candidate. The nomination of Dudley for governor meant the triumph of the reform faction and the utter disruption of the state machine, for Foster stood pledged to investigate to the fullest the graft charges brought against the ring.

On the other hand, Graham Bailey was secretly pledged to forget the same promises he had made. Apparently both men were eager to uncover the graft that was the disgrace of the party, but Foster alone was sincere.

The exposure of the graft scandals would not affect Woodham directly. He had always kept himself clear of the crooked work in the party. Could it be accomplished quietly, he would welcome the feat of ridding the party of those politicians who were responsible for the scandal, but here lay the trouble! The graft was widespread. Its uncovering would disrupt the entire party machine. New and inexperienced men would be placed in charge of the party interests, and no members of the old ring could find a place in the councils.

To Robert Woodham politics was as the breath of life to his nostrils. He had played the game from the day that he had organized the Junior Marching club in the little village which had been his boyhood home. It was his sole relaxation. Other strategists played chess. He preferred the political pawns to the bits of carved wood or ivory and his board was an entire state.

Now he saw the end of it all. Unless on an early ballot he could swing the doubtful delegates into the Bailey ranks, there would be a stampede to Foster. If he could arrange to stampede some of the Foster delegates to Bailey the uncertain delegates would probably follow the lead of the deserters.

"REVOLT IS IN THE VERY AIR!" CRIED THE OLD MAN.

As for the hundredth time his eye ran down the column his hands clinched nervously. His glance rested for a moment on Crosby county with its eleven votes.

Crosby county stood committed to Foster. Could Woodham induce them to change it would mean a difference of twenty-two votes for Bailey, the eleven votes added and the eleven taken away from the Foster adherents. The head of the Crosby delegation was Howard Graves. The others would vote as he voted. And only a few days before Graves had asked consent to marry Marian Woodham!

At the time Woodham had refused because Graves was a young attorney still struggling for recognition at the bar, while Woodham was ambitious for his daughter. Now he drew a sheet of paper toward him and wrote rapidly for a moment. Then he thrust the sheet into an envelope and called a messenger.

An hour later Howard Graves, resting in his room at the hotel for the battle of the morrow, received the missive and read it a dozen times before he placed it in his pocket.

It was diplomatically worded. It did not openly bribe, but suggested that the writer had learned that he was mistaken as to Graves' political affiliations. If it was true, as he now had reason to believe, that Graves and the Crosby delegation were in reality supporters of the Bailey boom, he begged to withdraw his opposition to the match Graves had suggested.

Graves was still uncertain when he went into the convention hall the following morning. From his place in the Skeene county delegation Woodham nodded pleasantly to him and with a glance directed the young attorney's gaze into the galleries.

These ran from the four sides of the hall, and directly above the chairman's desk sat Marian Woodham. She had come down in answer to her father's telegram the night before, and they entered the convention hall before he had explained to her the reason he had sent for her.

"You keep your eye on Graves and he will vote right," had been her father's admonition. "Your wedding present will be that house on Maple street, and you can furnish it as you like. I'll take your husband into the firm too."

It was a heavy bribe. The house alone was worth $10,000, and a partnership with Woodham, Cullo & Creagh would save Graves a weary struggle. It was scarcely to be wondered at that her face was white and wan as she leaned over the balcony rail and tried to smile at Graves.

She heard as in a dream the preliminaries. The state chairman placed Bailey's name in nomination, and her father seconded it, asking that the nomination be made unanimous. There was a derisive hoot from the opposition at this, and some one nominated Dudley Foster, and some one else made the seconding speech. There were no other nominations, and the chairman of the convention directed that the balloting begin.

It was the custom in the convention for the spokesman of each delegation to announce the vote when the name of his county was called, and the lifeless voice of the clerk began.

From the first it was apparent that the contest would be close, and as Crosby county was called there was a stir through the hall. All the morning there had been rumors that some of the Foster delegates would go over to the ring candidate, and Crosby county had been one of those mentioned. As Graves rose in his place men moved forward on the edge of their chairs, and Marian's face went deadly white.

For a moment Graves stood unsteadily, regarding the blur of faces, in which Marian's stood out distinctly. Even at that distance he could see that she was intensely interested, and the thought that she counted on his treachery hurt for a moment, even though he realized that it was natural that she should be interested in her father's success.

To him the time seemed an hour; to others it seemed a full minute, though it was not one-quarter of that time. Then with a steady voice Graves answered:

"Crosby county casts eleven votes for the Hon. Dudley Foster."

For a moment there was the stillness of a house of death. Then the ringing cheers broke out, and a moment later Hannon county, one of the uncertain quantities, followed Graves' lead and the stampede was started, but not at all in accordance with Woodham's plans.

The hall was still ringing with the cheers of the triumphant Foster rooters when a telegraph boy approached Graves with a message that he was wanted outside. Quickly he made his way through the jubilating crowd to the hall to come face to face with Marian.

"Forgive me," he said brokenly. "I pledged you that to-day's action, this moment, but my vote was not my own. It was a trust of the people who sent me here, and I could not be false to them."

"My appeal!" Marian clapped her hands softly. "You old darling. I was so afraid that you would vote for Mr. Bailey! Do you suppose I would care for a man who had been false to his trust? I knew only this morning why father sent for me. Poor old dad! It will break his heart! But, all the same, you were in the right and I was so foolishly afraid that you might be tempted."

"I was for a moment," he confessed, "when I saw how anxious you were. Then I realized that if I bought your father's consent it would be with my own self respect, and that I never could look you in the face again."

Robert Woodham came wearily from the hall. In the last hour he had aged ten years. Marian caught his arm.

"Dad, dear," she said gently, "I sent for Mr. Graves to tell him that I would marry him, no matter what you said."

"Revolt is in the very air!" cried the old man. "I guess I will have to drop out of politics when even my daughter electioneers against me."

"I didn't work against you. I just left it to Howard," explained Marian. "He stood the test."

Woodham nodded, and with an arm about the shoulders of each he led the way to the committee room. On his right was his daughter and on his left the new found son who had stood the test; and in his heart Woodham was glad that he had.

Off With the Old Love.

A prominent Chicago lawyer tells of an amusing incident which he witnessed subsequent to a certain breach of promise suit in which he had acted as the defendant's attorney. The two were standing talking when they were joined by a third man, a friend of the client and an acquaintance of the lawyer. The third man had been out of town for some little time.

"Hello, old man, what are you looking so blue about?" the newcomer demanded as they shook hands.

"Oh, I've had a little bad luck. I've got to pay Miss Blank $5,000 on account of a breach of promise judgment," was the disconsolate reply.

"Say, I'm glad to hear that, old fellow," the friend exclaimed fervently, seizing the dejected one's hand and shaking it vigorously.

"Glad to hear it!" I've got to pay that money, I tell you! What do you mean?" the other demanded in astonishment.

"Just that, my boy. It will be just about enough for us to set up housekeeping on. Miss Blank and I are to be married next month, you know."

Tennyson's Cure For Shyness.

It is recorded in "Tennyson's Life" that he used to recommend to a younger brother the thought of the stellar spaces, swarming with constellations and traversed by planets at ineffable distances, as a cure for shyness, and a lady of my acquaintance used to endeavor as a girl to stay her failing heart on the thought of eternity at such moments. It is all in vain. At the urgent moment one cares very little about the stellar motions or the dim vistas of futurity and very much indeed about the cut of one's coat and the glances of one's enemies, and the doctrines of the church and the prospects of ultimate salvation are things very light in the scales in comparison with the pressing necessities of the crisis and the desperate need to appear wholly unconcerned.—Arthur C. Benson in Putnam's and Reader.

Cares Redoubled.

"My time," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "is very valuable."

"That's what makes me doubt the benefit of vast wealth," replied the easy going acquaintance. "It's bad enough to be bothered by the wasting of a few dollars without being worried sick every time you lose five minutes."—Washington Star.

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